THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Description of the new Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 387
2 Sketches from Nature, 393
3 Biographical Memoirs of the late M. Boulton, Esq. 397
4 Description of a recent Eruption of Mount Ætna, 400
5 The Clock has struck!!! 402
6 The Intriguing Valet, 407
7 An Account of a Mermaid, 411
8 Isabella Seyton; or, the Triumph of Constancy, 414
9 London Fashions, 417
10 Dr. Carey's Hint to Song-writers, 418
11 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Glenara, by Thomas Campbell—Complaint to Cupid—To Cornelia—Lines (Impromptu) on hearing the Tower-Guns fired—To a young Friend, on the Death of her Sister—To Maria, on her Return from a country Visit—Lines, written extempore, on reading that Bonapartè had commanded, that the Austrian Prisoners should be incorporated with the Bavarian Army—Solutions of the Rebus in our last Month's Magazine—Solution of the same—My Home, 420-424
12 Foreign News, 425
13 Home News, 428
14 Births, 431
15 Marriages, Deaths, 432

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

1. FRONT VIEW of COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, *taken from the upper windows of a house opposite.*
2. LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for the BOTTOM of a DRESS, VEIL, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. *ROBINSON, No.* 25, *Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have this month concluded the Novel entitled *Sketches from Nature.* We owe many things to the ingenious authoress, and hope we shall soon be favored by her with further communications.

The *Resuscitated Mariner,* or the *Incidents of Myrtle Grove,* a Tale by Mrs. PILKINGTON, is received, and will be given in our next.

If *Mr. Witham Farrow* has not received a letter sent, about the beginning of this month, according to his address, by the post, we shall be glad to hear from him, as we are always happy to be honored with his communications.

The *Cottage of Content,* and *The Complaint,* by C. T. and the poetical pieces of F. J. are received, and intended for insertion.

Lines on reading Abelard and Eloisa—Stanzas to her who will best understand them, and *Lines supposed to be written by an unfortunate Lady, after having taken poison,* in our next.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW THEATRE-ROYAL AT COVENT-GARDEN.

(With a View elegantly Engraved.)

THE late theatre of Covent-Garden having been unfortunately destroyed by fire on the 20th of September 1808 *, and the theatre in Drury-Lane shortly after meeting the same fate, the proprietors and managers of the former immediately began to erect a new one, and so great were the assiduity and exertions of those who had undertaken the building, that it was finished and ready for opening on the 18th of September following, two days within a full year from the time of the destruction of the former.

The new edifice is truly superb, elegant, and convenient; and the entrance to this superb theatre is even grander than the theatre itself. The noble stone portico on the outside is adorned with elegant pieces of emblematic sculpture, which are representations of the antient and modern drama in basso relievo. The designs are classical, and the execution masterly. The piece representing the antient drama is to the north of the portico, and that representing the modern drama is on the south side.

The Antient Drama.—In the centre, three Greek poets are sitting: the two looking towards the portico, are Aristophanes, representing the Old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the New Comedy. Before them Thalia presents herself with her crook and comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by Polyhymnia playing on the greater lyre, Euterpe on the lesser lyre, Clio with the long pipes, and Terpsichore, the Muse of Action and Pantomime. These are succeeded by three nymphs crowned with the leaves of the fir pine, and in succinct tunics, representing

* For an account of this calamitous accident, see our Magazine for September last—Vol. XXXIX. p. 421.

the hours or seasons, governing and attending the winged horse Pegasus.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is Æschylus, the Father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee; his attention is fixed on Wisdom, or Minerva, seated opposite to the poet. She is distinguished by her helmet and shield. Between Æschylus and Minerva, Bacchus stands leaning on his fawn, because the Greeks represented tragedies in honor of Bacchus. Behind Minerva stands Melpomene, or Tragedy, holding a sword and mask; then follow two furies, with snakes and torches, pursuing Orestes, who stretches his hands to supplicate Apollo for protection. Apollo is represented in the quadriga, or four horsed chariot of the sun. The last described figures relate to part of Æschylus' tragedy of Orestes.

The Modern Drama.—In the centre (looking from the portico) Shakspeare is sitting; the comic and tragic masks, with the lyre, are about his seat; his right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the Tempest:—First, Caliban, laden with wood; next, Ferdinand, sheathing his sword; then Miranda, entreating Prospero in behalf of her lover; they are led on by Ariel above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by Hecate (the three-formed goddess) in her car, drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by Lady Macbeth, with the daggers in her hands, followed by Macbeth, turning in horror from the body of Duncan behind him.

In the centre, looking towards the portico, is Milton, seated, contemplating Urania, according to his own description in Paradise Lost. Urania is seated facing him above; at his feet is Sampson Agonistes chained. The remaining figures represent the Masque of Comus; the two brothers drive out three Bacchanals, with their staggering leader, Comus. The enchanted Lady is seated in the chair, and the series is ended by two tigers, representing the transformations of Comus's devotees.

The designs of both basso relievos, and the model of the Antient Drama, are by Mr. Flaxman. The Modern Drama, and the execution in stone, is by Mr. Rossi.

Two statues, representing Tragedy and Comedy, and each seven feet high, are placed in niches in the wings of the Theatre. Tragedy, which occupies the niche in the southern extremity of the building, or that nearest to Russel-Street, is a fine figure holding the Tragic mask and dagger. The Sculptor is Mr. Rossi.

Comedy holds the shepherd's crook or pedum on her right shoulder, and the comic mask in her left hand. This statue, which is the workmanship of Mr. Flaxman, is placed in the niche in the northern extremity of the building next to Long Acre.

The entrance-hall from Bow-Street is of stone, 40 feet square, from whence a grand stone staircase, 18 feet wide, ascends to the boxes. There are stone landings on each side, ornamented by red porphyry columns, with white marble capitals and bases. The walls are of white veined marble. Beyond this is an anti-room, de-

corated by red porphyry pilasters, with gold capitals and bases.—Opposite the entrance of this room, at the farther end, is a statue of Shakspeare, by Rossi, seven feet high, placed on a pedestal of yellow Sienna marble. The corridores, which lead from the anti-room and surround the boxes, are nine-feet wide, and paved with stone.

The saloon adjoining is 60 feet long. It is ornamented by red veined marble pillasters at each side, and paintings in chiara oscuro at each side. Sofas are to be placed in it of scarlet bordered, with black velvet.

The entrance from the Piazza is by a double flight of stone steps lighted by antique lamps, on tripods of bronze.

In the corridores and saloon the prevailing color is green.

By means of a pipe brought down to a closet in the anti-room, and communicating with a reservoir at the top of the Theatre, a great quantity of water may be obtained in a short time in the event of fire. In another part of the Theatre a pipe is also placed, communicating with a reservoir at the bottom of the edifice. The party walls are five feet thick.

As you enter the portico to proceed to the boxes, you turn to the left; and at the top of a short flight of steps, which is surmounted on each side by a pedestal, on which is placed a bronze Grecian lamp, are seated the money-takers. After passing them, there is another noble flight of steps, along each side of which, on a level with the top step, runs a row of four round Ionic pillars, and two half square ones, all exactly imitated from porphyry. Between each of these hangs a bronze Grecian lamp. Fronting you, as you ascend these steps, is a cast statue of Shakspeare, placed under an arch in the anti-room. This statue is quite a new design. The face is more like the Felton likeness than the Chandos; and the figure is standing in a graceful attitude, folding his drapery round him. The anti-room is supported by pillars in equally exact imitation of porphyry. In the size of the principal lobby, we were somewhat disappointed: it is a long narrow room, ornamented indeed with eight beautiful cast statues from the antique; but it is small, and the parts devoted to the service of refreshments are peculiarly confined. The lobby up-stairs is still smaller, and the staircases are very narrow. Upon the whole, however, the Theatre is well contrived and tastefully executed, and both in it's inside and outside, worthy of the metropolis in which it is placed.

The fronts of the boxes are painted of a dove-color ground, with different gold Etruscan borders, of the breadth of the whole pannel, running round each tier. The different tiers are supported by gold pillars, from the top of each of which runs a gilt iron bracket suspending a superb glass and gold chandelier for wax-candles. The backs of the boxes are pink, and the doors solid mahogany. The prevailing color of the Theatre is, therefore, pink, excepting in the tier of private boxes, where the slanting sides of each box, which hinder the back of it from being seen, are of the dove-color. The backs of the boxes are the only parts of the Theatre that look unfinished.—The pink is not at all relieved; and the newness of the mahogany

doors, round which there is no border of any kind, makes them look little better than oak.

Under the gallery is a row of private boxes, constituting the third tier. They consist of 26 in number, with a private room behind each. The access to these boxes is by a beautiful stair-case, exclusively appropriated to them, and not connected with any other part of the house, with also a lobby, exclusively—spacious and magnificent in the extreme. The carpeting has been laid down in these boxes; but the furniture of each, and also of the adjoining room, will be according to the taste of the several occupants, among whom are some of the Royal Dukes, and the leading persons of rank and fashion in the country. The lower boxes appear to be upon the same plan of those in the old house. There is an additional seat; each box will thus hold twelve persons, being three more than in the old house. The grand stair-case from Bow-Street to the boxes is most superb, and in extent greatly exceeds that of the Opera House.

The pit is very spacious, and the seats are each placed a little above the other, so as to raise the eye of each person completely above the head of the person in front of him. Each seat is 25 inches in depth. They are covered with light blue cloth, edged with scarlet.

The lower gallery is calculated to contain about 8 or 900 persons. There is a large saloon at the back of it. The upper gallery will contain from 200 to 250 persons, and is 20 feet nearer the stage than that of the late theatre at Drury-Lane. It is divided into five compartments, and may be considered a tier of five boxes, with a separate door at the back to each; these doors open to a spacious lobby, one side of which is the back of the gallery, and the other the exterior wall of the Theatre, with the windows into the street. The lobby to the middle gallery beneath is similarly situated. One great advantage attends this construction: in summer, the doors of the galleries and windows of the lobbies being left open, the audience in those parts cannot be oppressed by the heat, as in the former theatre.

The circling of the Theatre is painted to imitate a dome. The proscenium of the stage is a large arch, from the top of which hang red curtains, festooned in the Grecian style, and ornamented with a black Grecian border and gold fringe: on each of these festoons is painted a gold wreath, in the centre of one of which is written, in gold letters, the motto of the Stage, "*Veluti in Speculum.*" The proscenium is supported by two pillars, painted to imitate yellow stained marble, of which color are the sides of the pit; the stage doors are white and gold.—The drop is peculiarly grand. It represents a temple dedicated to *Shakspeare*, in the back of which is seen his statue from Westminster Abbey supported by Tragedy and Comedy; and between pillars on each side are statues of *Æschylus*, *Plautus*, *Lope de Vega*, *Ben Jonson*, *Moliere*, &c. &c.

The house is lighted by glass chandeliers, holding lamps lighted with oil. They are of a very peculiar construction, and the effect is very brilliant.

There is not a point of the house, before the curtain, that does not command a complete

view of the stage; nor a point in which a word distinctly spoken on the stage is not perfectly audible to the remotest extremity. The stage is also adapted, in a peculiar degree, for the display of scenic procession, having extraordinary depth in the rear, as also large spaces at the sides, to an extent greatly exceeding those of the late theatre.

This superb edifice was opened on Monday the 18th of September, with the play of *Macbeth*, the parts of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth by Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. A great number of persons, accustomed to theatrical representations, had however taken great exception at the raising of the prices, (the boxes from six shillings to seven, and the pit from three and six-pence to four shillings); the appropriation of private boxes, and the engagement of Madame Catalani at an enormous salary. The Theatre was crowded the moment the doors were opened; and though on the steps of the portico the people were hissing and exclaiming at the advanced prices, yet when they got into the Theatre, they were at first silenced by the beauty of the spectacle they beheld. After waiting pretty quiet for some time, the band struck up 'God save the King,' and the call for the song was so general, that no performer in the orchestra could be heard but the double-drum player. The singers then made their appearance, and could as little be heard as the instrumental performers. However, during all this uproar, applause was predominant. Presently Mr. Kemble appeared to speak the opening Address, habited in the costume of the part he was about to play, Macbeth. The uproar was now greater than ever; Mr. Kemble was in hopes of silence for some time: 'he addressed himself like as he would speak, but even then the house grew loud,' and he desisted. At last, however, he motioned his lips through the Address, of which not a word could be heard.

'God save the King' was then very seasonably and almost unanimously called for, when it was sung by the whole vocal strength of the Theatre, a great part of the audience joining in the chorus. No sooner, however, was it closed, and an attempt made to commence the performance, than the uproar was renewed in every quarter of the house. The disapprobation was more marked and outrageous whenever any of the Kemble family came forward. The cry then generally was — '*No* KEMBLES — *no theatrical tyrants* — *no domineering* NAPOLEONS! — *No imposition* — *no extortion* — *No foreigners* — *no* CATALANIS! — These, with little variation, were the chief exclamations in which the mal-contents vented their resentment during the course of the night. Each *entrée* of the performers was marked by vehement hisses, and every exertion which, on other occasions, would have extorted applause, only caused a confused tumult. — Mrs. Siddons, on her first entrance, much affected by the burst of disapprobation with which she was received, and seemed for some moments to supplicate the forbearance of the audience; but this produced no effect, and she was at length obliged to go through the part of Lady Macbeth unheard, in common with the rest of the other performers. — The tumult was renewed every time the curtain drew up; but it a

little subsided towards the close, and in the boxes several gentlemen waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and gave other indications of encouragement and applause. The entertainment of *The Quaker* followed, which passed off in a similar manner, and the audience having succeeded in preventing either play or afterpiece being heard, seemed to regard that circumstance as a triumph which they forthwith proceeded to celebrate by loud huzzas from all parts of the house.

The same scene of confusion, tumult, and riot, was repeated on each of the following nights of the week; not a single word spoken by any of the performers during the several representations, nor a single note from the orchestra, could be heard. The cieling of the theatre, it has been observed, must greatly accredit the artists' strength of building, as it has resisted shouts that would have 'rent the skies,' or torn hell's concave.' During the performance on these nights the din was inconceivable and unabated, the audience standing upon the seats with their hats on; but taking them off, and sitting down between the acts to cool themselves after their labor. Placards with various inscriptions on them were raised on sticks or affixed to the front of the boxes: the inscriptions they bore were such as the following — *Old prices* — *No new advance* — *No Catalani* — *No Kemble* — *Resist the imposition until abated* — *John Bull against John Kemble.*

On the Saturday the tumult, noise, and uproar, was, if possible, still greater than ever, and it was only by means of the play-bills that it could be ascertained what the performances of the evening were. To the usual instruments of tumultuous discord, such as cat's calls, horns, trumpets, whistles, rattles, &c. &c. were added those of bells and plates of tin, struck by sticks; and these being general throughout all parts of the house, the scene of tumult and uproar far exceeded any thing of the kind ever before witnessed at a place of public entertainment. The placards were besides more numerous than on any former night. They were chiefly suspended from the front of the first tier of boxes, and borne by the audience in the pit; and some of them were of an unusual size, consisting of two large sheets of paper, and long pieces of fine linen. To detail the numerous inscriptions would be impossible; the following may serve as a specimen, viz.

'Bring down the pride of Kemble and his prices also.'

'No Cats or kittens suffered to squall here.'

'Here lies the body of New Prices, an ugly child and base born, who died of the *whooping cough* on the 23d of September 1809, aged six days.

At the conclusion of the piece this night, the call for Mr. Kemble became vehement and repeated, and at length that gentleman appeared, and informed the audience that, as it appeared the engagement of Madame Catalani was not congenial to the public mind, that engagement was put an end to, and that the state of the concern, and of the profits made by it, would be submitted to a committee of disinterested gentlemen, who would say whether the old or new prices were most fit and reasonable.

The Theatre is therefore now shut up, till this investigation of the profits can be made, and it's result communicated to the public.

391-392 Pages miss in book itself

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Concluded from p. 351.]

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady Seymour to Lord Seymour.

Walsingham Hall.

AH! my lord, this is the day for the funeral! and nature herself appears to have put on sables. The atmosphere is black, the heavy clouds seem bursting with showers, and the north wind sighs amidst the leafless branches. Such is the face of things without doors. But how shall I describe those within! My head aches so intensely that I can scarcely see the paper, yet I am glad to escape from my fellow-mourners. Such a dreadful gloom, such a settled melancholy, appears in every face, that a stranger would be led to think despair and death had indeed taken up their residence in Walsingham Hall. I am within hearing of the tolling-bell, and every stroke seems to strike cold on my heart * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Every creature moves about the house as if they feared the sound of their own footsteps. For my part, I am miserable every where, and can neither write, nor refrain from writing. I forgot to tell you that we received a letter from Julia three days before Lady Walsingham winged her flight. I inclose it: you will see that she has quitted England; but I did not tell Caroline (for she was too weak to read it herself) but that she was gone with her husband. There was no need to inflict unnecessary sorrow on her feeling heart; she had suffered enough from Julia's family — some one knocks. Oh, Seymour! they are going to screw up my dearest friend! Now, now I want fortitude; for this seems more shocking than even death itself!

[*In continuation.*]

Night. Twelve o'clock.

It is all over! and the last remains of the noble Caroline are hid from my sight for ever! It is in vain to expect sleep, which 'lights on lids unsullied with a tear;' and so I will write till morning.

Soon after I went down, a carriage stopped, and Lady Mary Brilliant alighted. She had seen an account of Lady Walsingham's death in the papers, and was come to take a last look — a long farewell. When the pall was removed, she herself pushed the lid of the coffin aside. — 'And is this death?' said she; 'I thought death had been pallid and ghastly — but here are smiles! Surely she sleeps! Ah! no; how chilling cold!

'Then say, sweet shade! was it thy choice
To leave this low inconstant globe?
Tir'd with it's vain, it's jangling noise,
Thou wisely dropp'd thy human robe.
Or tell us, guardian angels! tell us true,
Did you not claim her hence as one of you?'

This apostrophe was quite in the style of both Jessica and Mr.

Baderley. Each took a hand of the weeping Mary, and led her from the room. The coffin was then screwed down. An attendant brought me a scarf and veil, as I had declared my intention of paying this last respect to the memory of my friend. Walsingham was the only one who did not attend her to her grave. The great loss he had sustained, and the consciousness that his neglect had hastened it, incapacitated him from leaving the house: though I believe he was absolutely left alone in it.

Eight mourning coaches and six, followed by nineteen carriages of the neighbouring gentry, attended this solemn scene. The way from the house to the castle was lined with people of all ranks, dressed in black, who, when the cavalcade had passed, closed in behind, and followed in silence to the chapel, which was illuminated with a profusion of wax tapers. On one side stood the poor laborers and their wives, who, to show their respect for the memory of their benefactress, had bought, with part of her last bounty, complete suits of black; and round the opened vault stood the children who had been educated and fed by her generosity, dressed in deep mourning. In the hand of each was a paper, which was an anthem taught them for the occasion. The corpse was rested on the trestles. The venerable Doctor Teddington stood by it's side, his opened book in his hand. The children began, the echo of the place making a solemn response. When they had finished, the most awful silence prevailed while the corpse was deposited by the side of her son; but when the doctor pronounced—'Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,' the involuntary sob which burst from every bosom was loud—was piercing. The poor children looked down into the grave of their benefactress, and joined their tender sorrow to the general grief. The doctor paused—his own emotions were great. 'My friends,' said he, the big tears pacing each other down his venerable cheeks—but soon recovering himself—'My friends, do not envy her the happiness she is now enjoying—do not thus immoderately grieve at the noble transition she has made. Could this departed saint speak, she would say—"Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." While on earth she encountered many sharp sorrows, many trying afflictions, many mortifying disappointments, as you all know. But she ran with patience the race set before her. She has now finished her course, and is receiving her reward. And who among you will wish her back in this abode of tears, where virtue is sure to suffer? I have known the late Countess of Walsingham from an infant; these arms held her up at the baptismal fount. I instructed her in the doctrines of religion; in the practice she far outdid her instructor. I little thought, my friends, and as little desired, that I should live to perform this mournful ceremony. But it is not for Lady Walsingham I mourn; she is far above my pity; but for the world, which, nevertherless, was not worthy of her.

'My dear friends, it is your highest privilege, and, I hope, you will esteem it as such, that if you live her life, if you follow, as far as is in your power, her example, you will surely meet her, to part

no more, in that bright world of which she is now a happy inhabitant. Moderate, therefore, your grief, with the remembrance that your loss is her gain.'

He then finished the service without interruption. All seemed endeavouring to suppress their sorrow, for fear of appearing selfish. When the doctor had concluded, Jessica, her sister Mary, and a number of others, threw a quantity of flowers into the grave.

Torches attended the procession home, as it was then quite dark; and, when it had there arrived, each retired to their own room. I had not been long in mine, when a servant said his lord would be glad to see me, if I could favor him with my company for an hour. I went. Baderley was with him. 'The hand of heaven, madam,' said Walsingham on my entrance, in a solemn tone, 'generally punishes the guilty sooner or later; but here you will find, in this letter, it's retributive justice has been swift. I will not seek to palliate my own crimes by loading my accomplice; but thus much I will observe, if Miss Lester had not, by her indiscreet conduct, given me room to expect, I should never have dared to solicit for the guilty favors I have received, favors which have cost me so dear.'

I took the letter without reply, and found it came from his servant at Dover, informing him that the gentleman he had wounded was extremely ill, and his life thought to be in danger; that his relations, who were people of condition, were resolved to prosecute his lordship in case their young friend died.

The letter continued: 'Miss Lester embarked on board the vessel your lordship had hired, immediately on her recovery, and offering the captain a handsome sum to sail immediately, he complied, and put to sea, though the wind was unfavorable. In the evening it blew very hard, and guns of distress were heard firing, but the weather was so tempestuous, and the sea ran so high, that no boat would venture to their assistance. Next morning, the pier was strewed with the wreck. The bodies of several men were taken out of the water, and by them it was discovered to be the Sally which had gone to pieces, and was the vessel in which Miss Lester had embarked, though her body was not found till the evening, when it was so dreadfully disfigured by cuts and bruises of the rocks, it would have been impossible to have known her but for clothes, and some letters of your lordship's, which were found in her pocket. I do not know how it was, but nobody seemed to pity her much, and she was privately interred last night, for the poor lady would not keep.

'I have nothing further to add, only my humble advice that your lordship would set out for the continent as soon as you receive this.'

Well, Seymour, this vile wretch has not long gone unpunished for her perfidy; and thus say I, may every false friend be rewarded. Would to heaven she had met her fate coming to England; but we are taught to believe 'whatever is, is right.'

I joined with Baderley, in persuading Walsingham to adopt William's advice. At first, he was obstinate. He would stay where he was — Death was pre-

ferable to life; he did not wish to be long out of her grave whose loss he must ever deplore. At last, we convinced him that it was his duty to preserve his life—to live and repent his former indiscretions, and not, by the dreadful act of suicide, shut himself for ever out of the happy abodes of his regretted lady, and render her child fatherless. He seemed convinced, and promised to be guided by us in all the future actions of his life.

He sets out for the continent to-morrow morning, or, rather, this morning at nine o'clock.

Baderley was intending to return immediately to Ireland, but Lady Mary has prevailed on him to pay the earl a visit. They both mourn for the same object, and I am much mistaken if pity does not ripen into a softer passion, though neither, I believe, think so at present.

Henry and Jessica promise to visit me in town. They commence their journey on Friday; for, since the death of her benefactress, this place is become intolerably irksome to the poor girl. She would have waited for me, but I persuaded her to the contrary.

I shall be the last person left here, as Lord Walsingham not only gives his daughter to my care, but begs me to superintend the bounty of his wife, to spare no expence, nor let her poor pensioners miss her generosity. It is a mournful task he has assigned me, but I please myself by thinking that my angel friend looks down from her heaven, and smiles to see all have not deceived her. When I leave this place, those once hospitable doors will be closed to company, and in those rooms where the merry dance and sprightly song have so often cheered the pensive brow, and raised the drooping spirits, melancholy shall reign undisturbed; for here

> 'The rural pipe and merry lay
> No more shall cheer the happy day;
> No social scene of gay delight
> Beguile the dreary winter night;
> No strains but those of sorrow flow,
> And nought be heard but sounds of
> woe.'

As for me, I have always endeavoured to bear incurable evils with fortitude. I very sensibly feel my misfortune in the loss of my friend; for

> 'Friends grow not thick on every tree,
> Nor every friend unrotten at the core;'

says my favorite poet. But on her account, certain as I am that she has exchanged a state of anxiety for a state of felicity, I rejoice, and will show my love to her by being a friend to those to whom she was a friend, and by cherishing her infant. Should it please God to bless us with children, they shall not be dearer to my heart than this precious one; and, should I never have any of my own, I will centre all my affections in this child of my heart.

About the latter end of this week you may expect to see me in town with my young charge; till then I shall number the hours that intervene between the present moment and that when I shall assure you in person how much

I am

Your affectionate wife,

S. SEYMOUR.

THE END.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS *of the late M.* BOULTON, *Esq. of Birmingham, F. R. S.*

TO say merely that the subject of the present memoir was an ingenious man, would convey to the public mind but a very slight idea of his rare, and we may say unrivaled talents. If we wish to see him in his proper colors, we must look upon him as a man who has rendered the most important services to his country; whose happy improvements has made his name justly famous throughout the civilised world; and who will be transmitted to posterity as one of the most worthy supporters of the commercial interests of this country.

Matthew Boulton, son of Matthew Boulton, of Christian, daughter of Mr. Peers, of Chester, was born at Birmingham on the 3d of September, (O. S.) 1728, and was principally educated at a private Grammar School, kept by the Rev. Mr. Ansted, who officiated at St. John's Chapel, Deritend. He learned drawing under Worledge, and mathematics under Cooper, &c. He was above the middle stature, and well built; was exceedingly encouraging to modest merit, and fascinating in his manner and conversation.

So early as the year 1745, Mr. Boulton invented and brought to great perfection the inlaid steel buckles, buttons, watch-chains, &c. Great quantities of these were exported to France, from whence they were re-purchased with avidity by the English, *as the offspring of French ingenuity.*

Mr. Boulton's manufactory at Birmingham being inadequate to his extensive improvements and further experiments, he, in 1762, purchased a lease of the Soho, at Handsworth, in the County of Stafford, distant about two miles; at that time a barren heath, on the bleak summit of which stood a naked hut, the habitation of a warrener. These extensive tracts of common were converted by Mr. Boulton into the present superb manufactory, which was finished in 1765, at the expence of 9000l.; and in the year 1794 he purchased the fee simple of Soho, and much of the other adjoining lands.

Impelled by an ardent attachment to the arts, and by the patriotic ambition of bringing his favorite Soho to perfection, the ingenious Proprietor soon established a seminary of artists, for drawing and modeling; and men of genius were sought for, and liberally patronised, which shortly led to the successful establishment of an extensive manufactory of ornaments, in what the French call or molu; and these ornaments not only found their way into the apartments of his Majesty, but also into those of the nobility and curious of this kingdom, France, and the greatest part of Europe.

Finding that the mill which he had erected fell infinitely short, even with the aid of horses, of the force which was necessary for the completion of his vast designs, Mr. Boulton, in 1767, had recourse to that master-piece of human ingenuity, the Steam Engine. This wonderful machine was yet in it's infancy, and did not at first answer the expectations that had been formed of it. In 1769, Mr. J. Watt, of Glasgow, obtained a patent for an improvement in the Steam Engine. This

induced Mr. Boulton to form connexions with Mr. Watt, and invited him to settle at Soho, to which the latter consented. In 1775, Parliament granted a prolongation of the patent for twenty-five years, and Messrs. Boulton and Watt entering into a partnership, established a very extensive manufactory of these engines at Soho, whence most of the great mines and manufactories in England continue to be supplied, and they are now applied in almost every mechanical purpose, where great power is requisite.

Amongst the various applications of the Steam Engine, that of coining seems to be of considerable importance, as, by it's powers, all the operations are concentred on the same spot. It works a number of coining machines with greater rapidity and exactness, by a few boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, than could be done by a great number of strong men, without endangering their fingers, as the machine itself lays the blanks upon the die perfectly concentral with it, and, when struck, displaces one piece, and replaces another.

The coining mill, which was erected in 1788, and has since been greatly improved, is adapted to work eight machines, and each is capable of striking from sixty to one hundred pieces of money per minute, the size of a guinea, which is equal to between 30,000 and 40,000 per hour *, and at the same blow, which strikes the face and reverse, the edge of the piece is also struck, either plain or with an inscription.

'The whole of this expensive and magnificent apparatus (says Dr. Darwin) moves with such superior excellence and cheapness of workmanship, as well as with works of such powerful machinery, as must totally prevent clandestine imitations, and in consequence save many lives from the hands of the executioner; a circumstance worthy the attention of a great minister. If a civic crown was given in Rome for preserving the life of one citizen, Mr. Boulton should be covered with a garland of oak.'

About the year 1773, the ingenious art of copying pictures in oil colors, by a mechanical process, was invented at Soho; and, under the patronage of the above Proprietor, was brought to such a degree of perfection, as to be taken for originals by the most experienced connoisseurs. This art was brought to perfection under the management of the late ingenious Mr. F. Eginton, who was no less celebrated for his painting on glass.

In 1788, Mr. Boulton struck a piece of gold, the size of a guinea, as a pattern, the letters of which were indented instead of a relief; and the head and other devices, although in relief, were protected from wear by a flat border, and from the perfect rotundity of shape, &c. with the aid of a steel guage, it may, with great ease and certainty, by ascertaining it's specific gravity, be distinguished from any base metal.

Previous to Mr. Boulton's engagement to supply Government with copper pence, in order to

---

* It is justly observed by Mr. Shaw, in his History of Staffordshire, that such a coining mill, erected in the national mint, would, in cases of emergency, be able to coin all the bullion in the Bank, at a short notice, without the necessity of putting dollars, or other foreign coin, into circulation.

bring his apparatus to perfection, he exercised it in coining silver money for Sierra Leone, and the African Company; and copper for the East India Company and Bermuda.

Various beautiful medals, of superior workmanship to any of the modern money of this country, of our celebrated naval and other officers have, from time to time, been struck here by Mr. Boulton, for the purpose of employing and encouraging ingenious artists to revive that branch of sculpture.

Since the demise of the late Empress Catharine, Mr. Boulton presented her successor, the late Emperor, Paul I., with some of the curious articles of his manufactory, and in return received a polite letter of thanks and approbation, together with a splendid collection of medals, minerals from Siberia, and specimens of all the modern money of Russia. Among the metals, which, for elegance of design and beauty of execution, have never yet been equaled in this or any other country, is a massy one of gold, impressed, it is said, with a striking likeness of that monarch. Our readers will be surprised, when they are told that this unrivaled piece from a die engraved by the present Empress Dowager, who has from her youth taken great delight in the art of engraving on steel.

With a view of still further improving and facilitating the manufactory of steam engines, Messrs. Boulton and Watt have lately, in conjunction with their sons, established a foundry at Smethwick, a small distance from Soho. Here that powerful agent is employed, as it were, to multiply itself, and it's various parts are fabricated and adapted together by the same regularity, neatness, and expedition, which distinguish all the operations of their manufactory. Those engines are afterwards distributed to all parts of the kingdom by the Birmingham canal, which communicates with a wet dock belonging to the foundery.

In a national view, Mr. Boulton's undertakings are highly valuable and important. By collecting around him artists of various descriptions, rival talents have been called forth; and, by successive competition, have been multiplied to an extent highly beneficial to the public. A barren heath has been covered with plenty and population; and these works, which in their infancy were little known and attended to, now cover several acres, give employment to many more than six hundred persons, and are indubitably the first of their kind in Europe.

No expence has been spared to render these works uniform and handsome in architecture, as well as neat and commodious. The same liberal spirit and taste has the great and worthy Proprietor gradually exercised towards adjoining gardens and pleasure grounds, which, at the same time that they form an agreeable separation from his own residence, render Soho a much admired scene of picturesque beauty.

The house, which was before much too small for the hospitable purposes of it's generous owner, has lately been considerably enlarged.

To comment on the private character of a gentleman in Mr. Boulton's situation, would be a useless task; we shall therefore only observe, that as his great

and expanded mind formed and brought to perfection the wonderful works we have briefly endeavoured to describe, so he felt no greater felicity, than that of diffusing happiness to all around him.

Mr. Boulton was not only a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, but likewise of that which bears the Imperial Title of the Free and Œconomical at St. Petersburgh, and many other Foreign Institutions of the highest celebrity in Europe.

For a long time previous to his decease, he had been confined to his room by illness, and his dissolution daily expected. His memory will ever remain dear to the British nation, whose glory was advanced in proportion to his own fame. While we commemorate those great men who have sought their country's honor in the fields of war, we ought not to omit paying a just tribute of applause to those who have promoted arts, industry, and commerce, and diffused plenty and comfort through the realm, by cultivating science, and applying it to the useful arts of peace.

Description of a recent Eruption of Mount Ætna.

[*In a Letter from an English Officer in Sicily.*]

'*Melazzo, April* 25, 1809.

'MONDAY morning the 27th of March was very hot and foggy, and the wind nearly South, but shifting to the westward, towards noon it became quite cool: we were much astonished at this change, for, as it still continued foggy, we could not perceive what we now conceive to have been the cause of the great heat in the morning; but in the evening, when the fog cleared up, a most tremendous eruption of Mount Ætna presented itself to our view. A large blaze, which I can conceive to be like nothing but the continuation of the explosion of a ship, issued from the top of the mountain; lower down was a smaller blaze, but from it we observed an immense stream of red lava pouring down, and the view of it's course towards the foot of Etna was only excluded from us by the ridge of the mountains which is between this place and Mount Ætna. For several nights after the blaze continued, with different degrees of violence, and the lava appeared to have taken two courses, one towards Randazzo on our right, and the other towards Langua Grossa on the left. I can say no more of the eruption as it appeared from Melazzo; you must, therefore, endeavour to form an opinion of it from drawings which you may have seen from things of the kind, or from your own ideas of a thing too grand and awful for language to describe.

' Our English curiosity is so great, that I am sure more than half the army have already been to see this wonder of nature. I went with two brother officers. Our first day's march (for we were on foot) was to Franca Villa, and on the road to Lingua Grossa; next day we saw the foot of the lava, it was then passing over a vineyard, and seemed to menace with destruction the house of a Baron of Franca Villa; the house was abandoned, and the pictures

of Saints hung out towards the fire, which the superstition of these people suggests to them as a mean to turn it's course. By day the lava has the appearance of a heap of rocks and stones, of a color rather like ink, and you see the fire every here and there through the cracks; a great deal of smoke proceeds from it; when close to it one perceives that it is all in motion, by pieces falling down and the huge stones rolling over, and constantly, though slowly, making it's progress over the ground.

'Except just at the crater the lava cannot be perceived to be in a liquid state, because, towards the foot of it, it is either all congealed and only impelled along by what is continually pouring out of the mouth of the crater, or what still remains liquid at the bottom, and that at the top congealed into immense masses, which have the appearance of rocks. This is the stream of which I before spoke as taking towards Lingua Grossa; thither we proceeded, and having refreshed ourselves, set out on mules for the craters, which are about six miles or rather more from it; that is, the lower place, for the upper one is about fourteen miles above it, and near the summit of the mountain.

'There are thirteen craters, all in a line above each other towards the summit; these, as we saw them from Melazzo, all appeared as one, and are quite distinct from the upper place. I will not trouble you with the description of a crater, for they are all found in the same manner by the ashes which are discharged, and have the same shape as I once before described, when I wrote to you an account of my visit to the top of Ætna. The lowest was the only one which was burning with any degree of violence when we arrived, the others occasionally threw up perhaps a column of black smoke or some red stones, and the lava from them was on the surface cold, going on but slowly. Near to the lowest crater was a rising ground covered with trees, whose branches were all knocked off by the stones which had been thrown from the crater, (which indeed was the case with all the trees in the neighbourhood, for the eruption is in the woody region); but between where we stood and the crater was a stream of lava which had flowed from above and joined that which flowed from the lowest, just below the rising ground, having taken it's course round it.

'We thought it practicable, and wished very much to cross this first stream, and so get on the rising ground to get a nearer view of the principal burning crater: the guides said that it was impossible, and would not go a step further; but we ventured on a little way, always stepping from one large rock to another (they were very hot and burned our shoes), and at length got across. It was by far the hottest birth I ever was in; every now and then we saw an immense mass of liquid fire under our feet, and perhaps had to step across it, to get on from rock to rock; and once, just as I had put my foot on a large lump, which I thought firm, off it went and laid me on my side! I then felt it very hot, and you may be sure I lost no time to recover my footing. When we got across we were not content, but thought our excursion would not be complete without crawling up

the side of the crater, to look into the very mouth of it. This we effected with some difficulty, it being very steep and almost up to our knees in hot ashes every step, but when we arrived at the summit we were most fully repaid for our pains. I am quite at a loss to know what to compare it to! Just under our feet we perceived the lava which came out of this crater in a liquid state and in motion, which was perfectly perceptible, and increased every now and then as a fresh emission from the crater took place. Immense stones were thrown, in a liquid state, high in the air, and we watched them, and saw them constantly changing their shape as they fell. Nearest the aperture was a constant blaze of liquid matter, and accompanied by such a tremendous noise that we could not hear ourselves speak. We retired from this about sun-set, and again crossed the lava in safety. As it got dark the whole of the lava downwards appeared red, and the eruption appeared to double advantage.

'I find that my description falls very far short of the impression which this wonderful spectacle has left on my mind; but I have no doubt but you will have seen many better accounts of it than this long before my letter reaches you.'

The CLOCK has STRUCK !!!

A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY WITHAM FARROW.

'LET this poor man be fed,' said the Duc de Claire to his domestics, as he approached his castle gate, 'and let proper attention be paid him.'

'Good Heavens!' mentally exclaimed Selinda; ''tis the same man who has of late so often crossed my path, and who begged alms of me this morning. Yet now he has a harp! Surely his residence must be near, for he had not the instrument with him when he accosted me?'

The company entered the castle, and Selinda descended to meet her father. She had occasion to pass through the hall where the domestics were regaling. The mendicant arose as she entered, and saluted her with a bow. She returned the salutation, and hastened forward, without heeding the circumstance.

The evening she spent with her parent the duke, and at an early hour, with a kiss of fraternal love, bade him good night, and, with Kilda, her attendant, proceeded toward her apartment.

'Ere she entered the hall the sounds of a harp, touched with no inferior hand, attracted her attention.

'Can this be the mendicant?' said she to her attendant.

'No, my lady, 'tis impossible; the domestics have got some strange harper to amuse them for the night. But as we must pass through the hall we shall see who it is.'

They reached the hall; the performance ceased at their approach.

'Why did you cease your melody, old man?' questioned the lovely maid.

'It would ill befit me to sing in presence of the peerless Lady Selinda,' he returned, bowing as he spoke.

'Why so?'

'I am old, lady, and my profession is new to me, but ever-pressing necessity has forced upon me an occupation I am ill calculated for.'

'I would fain hear you; proceed with the song you were singing as I entered the hall.'

Again he bowed, and, sweeping the chords with his fingers, drew from them such exquisite harmony that the soul of Selinda melted. He played a symphony, and, with a manly voice, sung the following

SONG.

High on the cliff stood Elric's lowly dwelling,
Low in the dale stood Myra's humble cot,
And to this day you hear the maidens telling
Their direful fate — their cruel hapless lot.

For horrid war, the curse of ev'ry nation,
Tore Elric from the lovely weeping maid,
He flew from home with friends to take his station,
Left all he lov'd, of war to make a trade.

His merry comrades in the camp, all watching,
Oft heard him sigh a maid he lov'd so dear,
Oft have their ears, a distant murmur catching,
Touch'd ev'ry heart with tender love and fear.

But in the battle, while the foe repelling,
He sunk, alas! alas! to rise no more,
The spear of Hengo, 'gainst his king rebelling,
Pierc'd through the heart that love had pierc'd before.

Now thro' the wild wood, 'neath the misty mountain,
A wretched maniac roves the hapless maid,
And with the waters of the crystal fountain
Cleanses, in vain, the wound that love has made.

Selinda was astonished at the manly energy with which he sung. Sometimes his voice, as if softened by love's powers, fell faintly from his tongue, and then again his deeper tones impressed the listener with admiration and delight.

She thanked the old man for his melody; and desired her attendant to reward him; but before she left the hall she raised her eye to the face of the minstrel, and how much was she astonished to see him gazing at her with attention! — His penetrating eye was seen between the shaggy black curls, which strayed in wild confusion upon his forehead. She shrunk from his look, and, grasping the arm of her attendant, retired to her chamber.

Selinda, from the window, stood contemplating the beautiful prospect which presented itself. The moon arose in splendor, and a slight breeze, agitating the waters of the Rhone, added fresh beauties to the prospect. The heat throughout the day had been excessive, and she requested her attendant to fill her a goblet of water to cool her thirst. Hilda had occasion to pass the servants' hall in which the minstrel was sitting with a few of the domestics. He arose when he observed her, and, with winning words, sought her conversation: but she was anxious to fulfil her lady's commands.

'Aye,' said the old man, observing her intention, if *your lover* sought thus to detain you I warrant it you would need very little compulsion.'

'Perhaps not — but *you* are an *old man.*'

'I am an old man, but I can give you information you would wish to know respecting a young one.'

'To whom do you allude ?

'Do you observe, Hilda, the youth in the green surtout, whose eyes are fixed with so much steadiness upon us — aye, you blush. He is the person I allude to. He loves you, and, if I mistake not, you love him.'

'Good Heaven ! you must be a conjuror. I declare I never mentioned to a living soul my affection for Wilford.'

'But there is no hiding any circumstances from me. I could inform you, too, your mistress the Lady Selinda loves Sigismorn, and that her father does not approve ....'

'Holy virgin protect us. I shall sink — What are you !'

'One that can be of infinite service to you in regard to Wilford.'

'Oh ! in what way? Speak ! for much I love him ; yet I fear he does not feel the tenderness I do for him.'

'Will you perform what I require of you ? Will you observe my injunctions with strictness ? Will you be secret as death ? — For upon these things hang your future happiness or woe.'

'I will perform what you require.'

'Then listen with attention. In the drink the lady Selinda takes, ere she retires, you must mix this powder ; and in the drink you take, this powder must be infused. Be sure you are correct. The mixture will influence the senses — will open to you the book of fate, and let you read your future destiny. The heart of Wilford will be seen in it's proper colors. His vows of constancy, as well past as to come, are all recorded, and you will ....'

'Yet, why should my lady take the infusion ?'

'Has she not a lover, Hilda ? Are not her wishes equally ardent with your own, respecting the love of Sigismorn ?'

'Right ! I had forgot.'

'What chamber does your lady occupy ?' said the harper, eyeing her with anxiety.

'It is called the blue chamber in the southern turret.'

'Does it face the south ?'

'It faces the south.'

'Good ! and does your chamber front the south ?'

'It does, and adjoins Lady Selinda's.'

'Excellent ! Good night ; pleasant dreams to you ; I know what will be your waking thoughts in the morning.'

Hilda cast a look at Wilford, then flew to fulfil the commands of her mistress.

The domestics held the old man in conversation until a late hour ; numerous were the anecdotes he related, numberless the tales of merriment he repeated ; his auditors were delighted at his humor and vivacity, and reluctantly wished him a quiet rest.

Upon a couch in the hall the minstrel stretched his limbs. Soon the inhabitants of the castle were lost in slumber ; the turret bell

tolled heavily the hour of twelve. The stranger started from his couch. — Cautiously he looked round; all was stillness. He ascended the great staircase, and unmolested arrived at the southern turret; the blue chamber was before him, and upon a couch of yellow satin the lovely Selinda was sleeping. A lamp, burning in her chamber, showed at once the elegance and taste of the lovely inhabitant .... He advanced towards the couch — she slept — he with gentleness lifted her in his arms, then retreated with his lovely burthen to the door. Again he listened. No one approached — his feet were covered with sandals, and he re-trod, with noiseless steps, the passage. He descended the staircase, passed through the hall, and gained the chapel.

'Ugo!' said the minstrel, in a whisper, when a figure, enveloped in a monk's cawl, directly advanced from the altar, bearing a lamp; 'Ugo, follow me.'

They left the chapel and proceeded through the dormitory, at the end of which an old tomb appeared.

'Unfasten that door, Ugo,' said the mendicant, 'and enter.'

The monk without answering, obeyed him, and they entered the tomb.

'Now press the stone at the further end with your foot, then lift it by the ring.'

He did as requested, and lifted the stone. A flight of steps presented themselves, which led into a cavern. They descended. At the bottom of the steps a small apartment bore the evidence of recent use. The minstrel deposited his burthen upon a pallet, covered with straw.

'Ugo, retire through yon door; when your assistance is necessary I will call.'

Ugo left the apartment. The minstrel took from a recess in the wall a small phial, the contents of which he poured down the throat of the hapless Selinda. He watched her countenance — her lips began to move; and shortly after her eyes unclosed.

'Holy virgin!' she exclaimed, looking wildly around, in what place am I? — How came I here? — Old man, speak! For Heaven's sake resolve me.'

'You are safe, lady, — quite safe — do not fear.'

'What mean you? where is my attendant?'

'Here, lovely Selinda,' said the minstrel, casting himself at her feet; 'here is your future attendant — your servant — your slave! — I love you; love you to distraction; do not shrink from me, I am not what I seem! — See!' he continued, throwing off his cloak, which at the same time removed a false beard that nearly concealed his features; 'see in me no common lover ....'

'Monster, avaunt! quit my sight! or a parent's vengeance shall fall heavily on you.'

'You rave in vain. — You are now far from the reach of aid. You are in the subterraneous vaults of your father's castle, and which are unknown even to himself. But do not think I fear the vengeance of your parent: the Duc de Claire has often trembled at my name, and would again were I to shout in his ear: his daughter is the bride of ABELLINO, *the Bravo*. — Lady, I perceive your astonishment: I have a priest at hand, he shall unite us; 'tis now past the hour of midnight.

Compose yourself, and at *one* be ready to receive Abellino as your future companion and husband.'

Without waiting a reply he left the apartment by the staircase. — The lovely Selinda sank upon the couch, nearly inanimate. She raised the cross which lay upon her breast; to her lips she enveloped the protector of the innocent to her aid. At this instant the monk entered the apartment with caution.

'Oh, deliver me,' said the afflicted maiden, 'holy father,' from this dread place, and Heaven will reward you.'

'Will you reward me, my beloved Selinda,' exclaimed the monk, throwing off his disguise.

'Sigismorn! is it possible? How came you here? Why am I brought to this place? What is ....?'

'Listen, dearest maid! to my narrative: it is a strange one. This evening, as I wandered through the grove at the end of the shrubbery, anxiously expecting an answer by Hilda to my letter, I observed a monk pass me. I knew he did not belong to the household, and curiosity made me watch him. I followed him some short time, until he came to the foot of the south turret. The small door opened at the touch, and he entered. I thought this proceeding strange, but left the spot; and my road lying past the chapel, I went in, hoping to see Hilda before I slept. I had not been there long, ere I observed the monk and another person approach. I retreated behind the figure of the Virgin, and overheard one of them say — 'At twelve, then, be ready to meet me here.' The other gave his assent, and came to the altar, at the foot of which he seated himself. He was within a few yards of me: I drew my dirk, and sprang upon him before he was well aware. It was not my wish to take his life. The villain seeing himself in my power, readily confessed that the man who had just quitted the chapel was Abellino, the bravo, and that he was then in the castle, disguised as a travelling minstrel, and intended to administer a sleeping draught to the Lady Selinda that night, if possible, and carry her off. He then informed me, that his instructions were to await the bravo's arrival, which would be at the hour of twelve. I promised him his life if he dealt honestly with me, took his disguise, and, having obtained further information from him, shut him into the tomb of your late mother, promising to release him, if.... Hark! the bravo comes. Be composed, my beloved maid; behind this couch I'll hide.'

Trembling with fear sat the lovely maid, her eyes anxiously fixed upon the place where she expected Abellino to enter.

'In a few moments, Selinda,' said the bravo, advancing, 'the turret bell will strike: you are of course prepared to give a willing assent to my wishes, and become the Empress of Saint Vanho — What ho'a! who waits without? bring here the priest.'

'Oh! for Heaven's sake, desist — Give me a moment to reflect — The time has not yet expired.'

The bravo encircled her waist: he pressed his lips to hers. At this instant *the bell tolled One.* — Abellino started, and, with a ghastly smile, whispered in her ear —

'*The Clock has struck!!!*'

''Twas thy passing knell,

fiend,' exclaimed Sigismorn, burying his dirk in his heart. The bandit sunk upon the floor, and, with groan, expired.

The various sensations which agitated the breast of Selinda suspended for a moment her faculties, and she fell nearly senseless into the arms of Sigismorn.

'*The clock has struck!* lovely Selinda!' said the enraptured youth; 'the hour of danger is past—the future shall be those of bliss. Let us hasten to the monastry of Saint Julian; let me once call you mine, and then at the feet of your parent we will sue for pardon.'

'You have saved my life, Sigismorn; for I could not have survived dishonor. Can I refuse you what my own heart so ardently pants for?'

'Beloved maid! by this kiss of true affection I swear to love and revere you from henceforth, and, as I keep and revere my oath, so may heaven deal with me.'

The Intriguing Valet. *A* Comedy.

[Concluded from p. 355.]

SCENE XVII.

Tamarini, Lepine.

Lepine (with an air of alarm). Oh, sir!

Tamarini. What is the matter?

Lepine. Mr. Dorville is here.

Tamarini. I know it; he came to see me; we are the best friends in the world. He is now taking his farewell of Madame Dallin and Lucilla. I could not refuse him this satisfaction, for he is just going away, perhaps, never to return.

Lepine. I know very well he is going; but do you know who is to be his companion on his journey?

Tamarini. No—Who?

Lepine. Lucilla.

Tamarini. Lucilla! what do you mean!

Lepine. Yes, sir, Lucilla; I pretended to promote their scheme, the better to serve you.

Tamarini. You did right—tell me every thing.

Lepine. Did you not lend him two hundred louis?

Tamarini. Yes.

Lepine. Well, sir, these are to defray the expences of the journey.

Tamarini. Oh, the cheat!

Lepine. Do you know the place where they are to meet?

Tamarini. Not I; where?

Lepine. Here.

Tamarini. Here!

Lepine. Yes, sir; it is agreed that, while you are at supper, I shall introduce Dorville into this room; that Lucilla shall rise from table very calmly; that they shall go down stairs, without saying a word, to a carriage which shall be waiting below; that they shall get in without noise, and then drive off post.

Tamarini. Ah! my good fellow, what do I not owe you for this information? I must go and inform Madame Dallin.

Lepine. No, sir; they will say you are out of your wits. What proof have you? Take my advice. Dorville will be here in a moment; I will go and receive him. Go to Madame Dallin without saying any thing of what I have

told you; and, as soon as Lucilla shall disappear, follow her with her mother. By this mean you will surprise them, and, at the same time, convict them of their treachery.

Tamarini. You are right; but, as Dorville is very capable of committing some act of violence, go, with my compliments, and request the commissary of the police of this quarter to come here immediately.

Lepine. Yes, sir.

Tamarini. Besides that his presence will restrain Mr. Dorville's insolence, I perhaps may by this mean get my two hundred louis back again.

Lepine. Extremely well imagined, sir.

Tamarini. I will go back directly that I may not lose sight of Lucilla. As soon as Dorville comes, run for the commissary, and come and tell me.

Exit.

SCENE XVIII.

Lepine alone.

This requires a little consideration — If I go for the commissary, this affair may become a little too serious for my worthy master Tamarini. These police gentlemen do not much understand wit and humor. As surgeons live by wounds and fractures, so do they by crimes and offences against the law, and, if they get scent of one, they will not easily let it slip. *(Puts his hand to his forehead, as if thinking.)* Right — a very good thought — Why not — Come, come, we'll treat this matter merrily — What a figure he will cut! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE XIX.

Dorville, Lepine.

Dorville. What are you laughing at?

Lepine. Ha! ha! ha!

Dorville. Well, this is exactly the time appointed; the carriage is ready.

Lepine. Ha! ha! ha!

Dorville. What, again? Are you mad?

Lepine. Ha! ha! ha!

Dorville. What do you laugh at, for heaven's sake?

Lepine. Because I am to fetch the commissary.

Dorville (starting with surprise). The commissary!

Lepine. Yes, Mr. Tamarini knows all.

Dorville. Knows all!

Lepine. Yes, he has discovered the whole plot.

Dorville (seising him by the throat). Rascal, nobody but you could have discovered it to him.

Lepine. Gently, if you please — Plague on it, you will throttle me!

Dorville. Explain this matter directly, or I'll . . . .

Lepine. You are more lucky than you could have dared to hope you should be.

Dorville. Why do you say then our plan is discovered?

Lepine. It was a little nonsense of mine.

Dorville. Pugh! nonsense! Is this a time for joking?

Lepine. Till Lucilla comes, be so good as to step into that closet, for fear you should be surprised here. *(He shows him into the*

closet opposite to that in which Madame Tamarini is). Go in; I will answer for it every thing shall be right at last. *(Lepine goes into the closet in which Madame Tamarini is).*

SCENE XX.

Dorville alone.

I understand nothing of all this—I think, upon my soul, the fellow must have lost his senses. I must, however, wait the event—I hear some one coming—Here are Madame Dallin and Mr. Tamarini—I must be gone—I can, however, listen. *(Goes into the closet opposite to that in which Madame Tamarini is).*

SCENE XXI.

Tamarini, Madam Dallin, Lucilla, several Servants.

Tamarini (*to the servants, whom he makes go in before him).* Go in first, and see who is there.

A Servant. There is nobody here, sir.

Tamarini. How is this? Has he made his escape? Has Lepine played me a trick?

Madam Dallin. What signifies all this bustle and disturbance? Did you not tell me that every thing was ready for the dance?

Tamarini. Dance! yes; there is to be fine dancing, indeed!

Madam Dallin. Why do you throw the house all into confusion thus?

Tamarini. I am ready to burst with vexation.

Madam Dallin. Do let us know what you mean?

Tamarini. Lucilla!

Madam Dallin. Well, what of Lucilla.

Tamarini. Yes, Lucilla, whom I thought a prodigy of innocence and virtue, has engaged in a shamefully treacherous plot to disgrace at once herself, and me, and you.

Madam Dallin. What plot?

Tamarini. To run away with Dorville to-night.

Madam Dallin. This is a falsehood which you shall answer for: who can have told you....

Tamarini (seeing Lepine enter). There is my witness. Speak, speak; it is no longer necessary to conceal any thing.

SCENE XXII. and LAST.

To the preceding, enter Dorville; and Madam Tamarini disguised in the gown and peruke of a commissary.

Lepine. Yes, sir, I am a witness. There is the judge *(pointing to Madam Tamarini)*, and here is one of the criminals *(opens the closet, and Dorville comes out).* The other will soon be discovered.

Dorville (to Lepine). Ah! traitor, you shall dearly pay....

Lepine (to Dorville). I am not afraid of your threatenings; there is justice for every body.

Tamarini (to Madam Dallin.) Now, madam, have I strange whims and fancies?

Madam Dallin. I am lost in astonishment.

Tamarini. Come, Mr. Commissary, take your examination.

Dorville. Do you think to intimidate me? Of what can you

accuse me? What crime have I committed?

Tamarini. Is it no crime, sir, to deceive an honest man, to suborn his servants, to carry off his wife?

Madam Tamarini (to Dorville). Certainly, sir, you must be in the wrong if you have taken another man's wife.

Tamarini. In the wrong! do you say? He deserves exemplary punishment.

Madam Tamarini (to her husband). You are very severe, sir.

Tamarini. I am hurt in my honor; I will prosecute him with the utmost rigor of the law.

Madam Tamarini. But, if you are so rigid against the thoughtless errors of a young man, what would you say to an old fool, who, in defiance of those same laws to which you appeal, should have abandoned his wife for ten years, and contracted another marriage?

Tamarini (appearing suspicious and confused). How!

Madam Tamarini. You have produced a witness against this gentleman, I will now produce another against yourself. We will see if you have the effrontery to deny her evidence. *(She takes off her gown and peruke.)*

Tamarini (trembling). Heavens!

Madam Dallin. What does this mean?

Lepine. It means that she is his wife.

All. His wife!

Lepine. Yes, his wife: can any one doubt it, seeing the tender reception he gives her?

Madam Tamarini. Faithless, perjured man! is it thus you disregard the most sacred engagements?

Lepine. Two wives at a time! that's plaguy perplexing.

Tamarini (hesitatingly, and in great confusion. To Madam Dallin.) Madam—Mr. Dorville—Have pity on me—I cannot survive this stroke.

Madam Dallin. You may be thankful to the respect I have for myself, otherwise you should soon receive the reward of your villany.

Madam Tamarini (to Madam Dallin). I thank you, Madam, for your forbearance; but I promise you, on the word of an injured woman, that he shall not escape a punishment fully equal to that you may have intended.

Lepine. Yes, the vengeance due is in good hands.

Dorville (to Madam Dallin). You see, Madam, what we risk when we break engagements. Shall I venture to remind you .....?

Madam Dallin. I understand you; you shall be satisfied.

Tamarini (to his wife). Forgive me, my dear wife, I will make you amends for all my faults.

Madam Tamarini. That remains to be seen.

Lepine (to Tamarini). Stop, Signor Tamarini. You must now talk to me: I have the papers *(shows the contract)*. Let us settle every thing, or I must inform against you.

Tamarini. Well, what do you ask as the price of your secresy?

Lepine. That you give up entirely all claim to the two hundred louis you have lent Mr. Dorville.

Tamarini. Willingly....

Lepine (interrupting him). And that you pay me down a hundred pistoles for the expences of the proceedings.

Tamarini (Dissatisfiedly). Why so?

Lepine. Because, if I had brought a real commissary, you would not have got off so cheap.

Tamarini. Well, I suppose I must comply — but give me back the contract.

Lepine. Not till I have made a sure bargain.

Tamarini. I understand you. *(He signs a release for the two hundred louis, and pays down the hundred pistoles.)*

Lepine. (Giving him up the contract). Mr. Doctor, you have now got back to your original regimen, and I would advise you to abide by it: it will best suit your constitution. A young wife is an excellent specific at twenty, but a dangerous application at sixty.

THE END.

TWO LETTERS,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A MERMAID, SAID TO HAVE BEEN LATELY SEEN ON THE COAST OF CAITHNESS, IN SCOTLAND.

THESE letters were published in the *Courier Newspaper* of the 5th and 7th of September. With respect to the authenticity of the accounts they contain, it can only be observed, that they are stated to be from persons of respectability, and so far of unsuspected veracity, that it is much more probable that they were deceived themselves, than that they have wilfully attempted to deceive others.

LETTER I.

From Miss Mackay, *Daughter of the Rev.* David Mackay, *Minister of Reay, to Miss* Innes Dowager, *of Sandside.*

Reay Manse, May 25, 1809.

Madam,

To establish the truth of what has hitherto been considered improbable and fabulous, must be at all times a difficult task, and I have not the vanity to think that my testimony alone would be sufficient for this purpose; but when to this is added that of four others, I hope it will have some effect in removing the doubts of those, who may suppose that the wonderful appearance I reported having seen in the sea on the 12th of January, was not a Mermaid, but some other uncommon, though less remarkable inhabitant of the deep. As I would willingly contribute to remove the doubt of the sceptical on this subject, I beg leave to state to you the following account, after premising that my cousin, whose name is affixed along with mine, was one of the four witnesses who beheld with me this uncommon spectacle.

While she and I were walking by the sea-shore, on the 12th of January about noon, our attention was attracted by seeing three people, who were on a rock at some distance, showing signs of terror and astonishment at some-

thing they saw in the water: on approaching them, we distinguished that the object of their wonder was a face resembling the human countenance, which appeared floating on the waves; at that time nothing but the face was visible.

It may not be improper to observe before I proceed farther, that the face, throat, and arms, are all I can attempt to describe, all our endeavours to discover the appearance and position of the body being unavailing. The sea at that time ran very high, and, as the waves advanced, the Mermaid gently sunk under them, and afterwards re-appeared. The face seemed plump and round, the eyes and nose were small, the former were of a light grey color; and the mouth was large; and from the shape of the jawbone, which seemed straight, the face looked short. As to the inside of the mouth, I can say nothing, not having attended to it, though sometimes open. The forehead, nose, and chin, were white, the whole side face of a bright pink color. The head was exceedingly round, the hair thick and long, of a green oily cast, and appeared troublesome to it, the waves generally throwing it over the face; it seemed to feel the annoyance, and, as the waves retreated, with both it's hands frequently threw back the hair and rubbed it's throat, as if to remove any soiling it might have received from it. The throat was slender, smooth, and white: we did not think of observing whether it had elbows, but, from the manner in which it used it's arms, I must conclude that it had. The arms were very long and slender, as were the hands and fingers; the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at least, were frequently extended over it's head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and seemed to distress it much; when that had no effect, it sometimes turned quite round several times successively. At a little distance we observed a seal. It sometimes laid it's right hand under it's cheek, and in this position floated for some time. We saw nothing like hair or scales on any part of it; indeed, the smoothness of the skin particularly caught our attention. The time it was discernible to us was about an hour. The sun was shining clearly at the time: it was distant from us a few yards only. These are the few observations made by us during the appearance of this strange phenomenon.

If they afford you any satisfaction, I shall be particularly happy. I have stated nothing but what I clearly recollect. As my cousin and I had frequently, previous to this period, combated an assertion, which is very common among the lower class here, that Mermaids had been frequently seen on this coast, our evidence cannot be thought biassed by any former prejudice in favor of the existence of this wonderful creature.

To contribute in any degree to your pleasure or amusement, will add to the happiness of

Madam,

your greatly obliged,

(Signed) ELIZ. MACKAY,

C. MACKENZIE.

LETTER II.

From Mr. William Munro, *Schoolmaster, of Thurso, to Dr.* Torrence, *regarding a Mermaid seen by him some years ago.*

Thurso, 9th June, 1809.

Dear Sir,

Your queries respecting the Mermaid are before me. From the general scepticism which prevails among the learned and intelligent about the existence of such a phenomenon, had not your character and real desire for investigation been too well known to me, for supposing that you wished to have a fertile imagination indulged by a subject of merriment, I would have been disposed to have concluded, that in this instance you aimed at being ranked among the laughing philosophers at my expence. Sensible, however, that this is not the case, and taking it for granted that you are sincere, I shall endeavour to answer your queries, though there is little probability that any testimony which I can give respecting the Mermaid, will operate towards convincing those, who have not hitherto been convinced by the repeated testimonies adduced in support of the existence of such an appearance.

About twelve years ago, when I was a parochial schoolmaster at Reay, in the course of my walking on the shore of Sanside Bay, being a fine warm day in summer, I was induced to extend my walk towards Sanside Head, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a figure resembling an unclothed human female, sitting upon a rock extending into the sea, and apparently in the action of combing it's hair, which flowed around it's shoulders, and of a light brown color. — The resemblance which the figure bore to it's prototype in all it's visible parts, was so striking, that had not the rock on which it was sitting been dangerous for bathing, I would have been constrained to have regarded it as really an human form, and to an eye unaccustomed to the situation, it must have undoubtedly been considered as such. — The head was covered with hair of the color above-mentioned, and shaded on the crown; the forehead round, the face plump, the cheeks ruddy, the eyes blue, the mouth and lips of a natural form, resembling those of a man, the teeth I could not discover, as the mouth was shut; the breasts and abdomen, the arms and fingers, of the size of a full grown body of the human species; the fingers, from the action in which the hands were employed, did not appear to be webbed, but as to this I am not positive. It remained on the rock three or four minutes after I observed it, and was exercised during that period with combing it's hair, which was long and thick, and of which it appeared proud, and then dropped into the sea, which was level with the abdomen, from whence it did not re-appear to me. I had a distinct view of it's features, being at no great distance on an eminence above the rock on which it was sitting, and the sun brightly shining. Immediately before it's getting into it's natural element it seemed to have observed me, as the eyes were directed towards the eminence on which I stood. It may be necessary to remark, that pre-

vious to the period I beheld this object, I had heard it frequently reported by several persons, and some of them persons whose veracity I never heard disputed, that they had seen such a phenomenon as I have described, though then, like many others, I was not disposed to credit their testimony on this subject. I can say of a truth, that it was only by seeing the phenomenon I was perfectly convinced of it's existence.

If the above narrative can in any degree be subservient towards establishing the existence of a phenomenon, hitherto almost incredible to naturalists, or to remove the suspicions of others, who are ready to dispute every thing which they cannot fully comprehend, you are welcome to it, from

Dear Sir, your most obliged,
and most humble servant,

(Signed) Wm. Munro.

To Dr. Torrence, Thurso.

ISABELLA SEYTON;

OR,

The TRIUMPH of CONSTANCY.

A TALE.

HANDSOME, good-humored, and possessing a heart endowed with many virtues, Isabella Seyton, at the age of seventeen, was followed, flattered, and admired. Some praised the rosebud on her cheek, others the ruby on her lip; but all praised and adored the ray of candor and ingeniousness that sparkled in her hazel eye. With a bosom overflowing with affection, and a mind decorated with the purest innocence, Isabella was — a coquette. She loved admiration, and the praises of her numerous admirers were not unpleasing to her ear. Her heart was yet untortured by the shackles of love, which she felt, and exulted in it's freedom.

Among the many votaries which bowed submissive at her shrine, none loved so true, so faithfully, as the youthful Edwin. From infancy he had known and admired Isabella. His passion had 'grown with his growth,' and gradually strengthened as he advanced towards maturity. Did the nosegay he had culled decorate her bosom, whose eyes sparkled with such delight as Edwin's? Did he obtain the honor of her hand in the dance? Who trod so lightly as this victim of Cupid? Dreading, yet wishing to disclose his passion, oftendid he hang enamoured over the blooming graces of the lovely girl, whilst his eloquent eye spoke that affection to which his tongue dared not give utterance. Isabella was not unconscious of the state of his heart; she had seen the half-formed sentence on his lip die away, ere it could be expressed; she had discovered from his assiduities towards her what he so ardently wished she should know, yet feared to tell. — Isabella did not love, but did she not dislike her attentions; and as she did not forbid him to love, her Edwin flattered himself that he should one day gain an interest in her heart. He did not wholly deceive himself; he was daily gaining ground in the opinion of Isabella, till an incident occurred

that had nearly dashed the cup of bliss for ever from his lips.

An old school-fellow and dear friend of Isabella's requested her to spend a few weeks with her on her leaving school. Mr. and Mrs. Seyton, who were very fond of their daughter, acceded to her request, and the gay Isabella set off with a heart beating with anticipated pleasure to visit her friend.

Cleora Eversley was lively and good-humored, and though not handsome, she gained great admiration and applause from her *bon mots* and repartees; many loved, but more feared and envied her. Her cousin, Charles Delworth, was greatly struck with the beauty and sweetness of Cleora's friend; and, as he was then spending his vacation at Myrtle Grove, (the seat of his uncle, Mr. Eversley), he had frequent opportunities of seeing Isabella. Being a greater adept in the science of flattery than the gentle Edwin, he soon succeeded in obliterating all traces of the love-lorn youth from her mind. Isabella grew insensibly more fond of the company of the young Oxonian, and was never so happy as when flirting with him. He would often sit reading to them as they worked, whilst his fair hearers listened with delight to the animated tones of his voice; for Cleora loved him as a brother, and nothing would have delighted her so much as the union of two who were so dear to her as her friend and cousin.

The hours of pleasure rolled swiftly away, and the time was drawing near when Isabella was to return to her parents, and Delworth to resume his studies at Oxford, being designed for the church. With a tear trembling in her beauteous eye, Isabella pressed the hand of her friend as she stepped into the carriage which was to convey her from Myrtle Grove. With a sigh she bid adieu to the fascinating Delworth, and as the vehicle turned the corner of the avenue, a flood of tears streamed down her cheeks. On her journey Isabella was thoughtful and melancholy, and when she arrived home, even the caresses of her parents, and the endearments of her brothers and sisters, did not restore her to her usual gaiety.

With a heart swelling with various emotions, the happy Edwin hastened to welcome home the idol of his soul: he thought her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, but the affectionate glances which beamed from his eyes were met by Isabella with coolness and indifference. Delworth in all the charms of love occupied her thoughts, and Edwin could not obtain a smile. With heartfelt sorrow he beheld the failure of his hopes; for the conduct of Isabella was wondered at by all who saw the change, and vainly did Edwin try to discover the cause of it, till one day Isabella's gaiety seemed to return, and he had flattered himself that his attentions had wrought this change, and that she would restore to him her friendship and smiles. Soon was he undeceived; for, at tea, the young Louisa, Isabella's sister, suddenly exclaimed—'In two days more Cleora will be with us, I hope Mr. Delworth will come too; do you not wish it, Isabella?'—A rich vermilion crimsoned the cheek of Isabella at this appeal: Isabella was silent; but the expression which beamed in her eye discovered to Edwin that he

had a successful rival. As the warm blood fled to the face of Miss Seyton, so did his rush back to his heart, as this idea flashed across his mind. Trembling with agitation he arose to take her tea-cup; and, in her averted countenance, he read the confirmation of his fears: Isabella loved another, and the hapless Edwin felt bereft of all that could make life desirable.

In two days after this a carriage stopping at the door, and a thundering rap announced the lively Miss Eversley. — 'I am come according to my promise, Isabella,' she cried; then, turning to her cousin, who stood behind her, 'Come, Charles, cannot you speak for yourself? He would come, you must know, to bid you adieu before he returned to wormeaten books, and musty parchments.'

The pleasure Isabella felt at seeing him sparkled in her eye, and an enchanting smile played on her coral lip, as he tenderly pressed her hand. Edwin happily was not there; it would have inflicted another pang on his wounded heart.

Long 'ere Delworth returned to Oxford, he discovered to Isabella the state of his heart. With that frankness for which she was so much beloved, she confessed that she loved him, and he drew from her an unreluctant consent to become his, with the permission of her parents, when he left the university, being nearly of age. He vowed that, at the expiration of that time, he would come to claim her hand; and that, if he did not succeed in obtaining her, he never would marry another.

Soon after his departure, her friend Cleora returned to Myrtle Grove; and, when left alone, Isabella felt the injustice she had been guilty of towards her former lover, who sighed in hopeless despondency; and when he next appeared before her, after having listened to the avowal of his passion, she owned to him that she had not a heart to bestow, and that he must never look upon her in any other light than that of a friend.

With a heart depressed by disappointment, Edwin bowed in silence, and left her; and, in a short time after, she heard he had entered into a regiment which was going abroad.

The time was now rapidly approaching for Delworth to quit the university. She had heard frequently from Cleora, who always mentioned the delight she should experience when Isabella became her cousin. Delworth's letters, too, breathed nothing but affection, and Isabella indulged in dreams of happiness till she almost fancied them realised. It was not, however, to be so, and her cup of pleasure was doomed to be dashed with disappointment. The day on which her lover was expected arrived, and he came not. The next day passed, and Delworth was not there; Isabella felt angry, but consoled herself by conjecturing various causes for his delay. A whole week passed, and Miss Seyton was on the thorns of expectation, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door. Her heart beat quick; now, thought she, he is come — dear Delworth, pardon the suspicions thy delay has caused. — With a quick step hastened to the door — it burst open, and she beheld — not Delworth, but Cleora Eversley. — 'Isabella, you must think no more of Delworth; he is unworthy of

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Full Dress.

you — he is married,' exclaimed the agitated girl, as she sprung into the room, and threw her arms around the neck of her friend. 'He deserves not your love — you must forget him.'

Horror, indignation, and surprise, overwhelmed the senses of Isabella, and she sunk senseless on the floor. When she was a little recovered, Cleora showed her a letter, which her father had that morning received from her uncle, and from which she learned that her faithless cousin was married to a young lady of immense fortune at Oxford, who had not one personal charm to recommend her, and that the wedding was solemnized on the very day which was to have brought him to Isabella.

This event made a great impression on the mind of Miss Seyton; she grew more thoughtful and serious; and, though she felt it deeply, yet so great was her horror at the infidelity of Delworth, that she soon succeeded in chasing every idea of him from her memory. Happy in the society of her parents, and her infant brothers and sisters, whom she tenderly loved, Isabella forgot her disappointment; and when the faithful Edwin, whose constancy had remained unshaken, returned (inspired by a presentiment of success) to lay his well-earned laurels at her feet, a bewitching smile told him that he was not forgotten, and that he should be rewarded for his fidelity. The anniversary of the very day that had witnessed the nuptials of the inconstant Delworth, gave her, blooming in youthful beauty, to the arms of Edwin; and the lovely boy, who prattles at his father's knee, and the cherub girl, that sleeps on the beauteous bosom of it's mother, gave more delight to their enraptured parents than the tinselled glare of splendor which surrounds the thoughtless Delworth and his dissipated bride. Mr. and Mrs. Seyton view with delight the conjugal felicity of their children, and the growing graces of their offspring. The lively Cleora, between whom and the elder brother of Isabella there subsisted a mutual attachment, soon became the sister of her friend; and the unalloyed happiness of the social group prove, that virtue and constancy ever meet a sure reward, while vice and profligacy bloom but for a time, ere their pernicious blossoms are withered by the unerring hand of Providence.

'Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

F. I.

Exeter.

LONDON FASHIONABLE FULL DRESS.

[*With an Engraving elegantly colored.*]

A TRAIN dress of white sarcenet, ornamented round the front with a rich lace let in to the bottom; entire front of footing and lace; sleeves of the same, intermixed with white sarcenet. Cap of yellow figured sarcenet, ornamented in front with a demi-wreath of corn flowers and poppies, and a half-handkerchief worked with silver, thrown over the back part of the head. Necklace and ear-rings of cornelian

and gold. White shoes and gloves.

Child's dress: Trowsers and vest of fine India muslin, worked round the bottom, the vest to cross from side to side, confined round the waist with a band of the same. Yellow leather shoes.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I CANNOT sufficiently express the gratification received in perusing your last valuable miscellany, the art of deciphering, and certainly think the author deserves the united thanks of his readers for the pains he has taken in explaining it so ably and fully, that, after a little study and consideration, a person of common capacity may be enabled to arrange the letters in their due order, and by that means discover words, and, from words, sentences. I flatter myself I have not failed in unfolding the difficulties which at first seemed to prevail in the well-adapted essay; the insertion of which will much oblige,

Sir,
Your constant reader,
E. F. H.

Sun Tavern, Fields,
28th Aug. 1809.

The Explanation of an Essay in the art of Deciphering.

If it be curious and satisfactory to a lover of nature to watch the developement of a plant or an insect, it would be still more so for the thoughtful and attentive philosopher to watch the first rays of intelligence in a child, and the first emotions of the heart. It may perhaps be conjectured what a man will be in the meridian of his life by studying it's dawn. Might it not have been foretold that Hercules would shine a hero from seeing him strangle the serpents in his cradle?

USEFUL HINT TO SONG-WRITERS.

(From Dr. CAREY'S "*Practical English Prosody and Versification*," lately published.)

ALTHOUGH, in other species of iambic composition, the employment of such feet* be productive of a pleasing variety, they frequently produce a very disagreeable effect in songs intended for music, by setting the notes at variance with the words. In general, the musical composer adapts his notes only to the first stanza: and, when this is the case, how frequently does it happen! that, although the tune be composed with the most consummate skill and taste for *that* stanza, it does not suit any one of those which follow! The fault here lies, not with the musician, but with the poet, who has not observed the necessary uniformity in the structure of his stanzas. To a songster, therefore, who intends his verses for music, I would say: Either take no liberties whatever in the introduction of any other than the regular feet;

* The trochee, the pyrrhic, and the spondee.

or, if, in the first stanza, you have any-where introduced a trochee, a pyrrhic, or a spondee, by all means contrive, if possible, to have a similar foot in exactly the correspondent part of the correspondent line in every succeeding stanza.—From inattention to such minutiæ, trifling in appearance, but serious in their effects, the consequence ensues, that we often hear those musical flourishes, which, in the first instance, were happily applied to long, sonorous, emphatic syllables, afterwards idly wasted on *A*, *The*, *Of*, *To*, *In*, *-ed*, *-ing*, &c. while syllables of the former description are stinted of their due emphasis, because they unluckily happen to correspond with short un-emphatic syllables in the first stanza.

Of the unpleasing effect produced by that incongruity, I have, in my own practice, found a striking instance, on occasion of my undertaking, some years since, to gratify a lady with a few songs to favorite old tunes. In my first attempts, though my lines were written in the same metre as the original, and (whether good or bad in other respects) were metrically correct, they did not at all accord with the music. — On examination, I discovered the cause to be an accidental difference between the original verses and my own, in the admission of irregular feet: and, in short, I could not satisfy either the lady or myself, until I had so modified my lines, as to make them perfectly agree with the original, foot by foot, and syllable by syllable.

To place this point in a clearer light, let us suppose the first stanza of Pope's Universal Prayer set to music, and the subsequent stanzas sung to the same tune: then, in these three corresponding lines of different stanzas —

Fa-	*-ther*	*of*	all,	*in*	ev'ry age . . . .
Thou	*great*	*first*	cause,	*least*	understood . . . .
To	*thee,*	whose	tem-	-ple	is all space . . . .

the notes admitting no distinction between long and short syllables, between accented and un-accented — we shall hear the corresponding syllables, *Fa-* and *to*, made perfectly equal in musical importance, and the same equality established between *-ther*, *great*, and *thee* — *of* and *first* — *in* and *least*, &c.

Such discordance between the words and the music is a very serious defect — an evil, which cannot possibly be obviated by any thing short of perfect uniformity in the corresponding feet and verses of the different stanzas, unless the musical composer shall set the entire piece to music, from beginning to end. — The necessity of that uniformity seems to have been forcibly felt by Horace, the most accomplished songster that ever tuned the Roman lyre: for, in all his Sapphic effusions, which are pretty numerous, there occurs *not one* variation of a single syllable, though the Sapphic metre would admit some variations; and he has, with *very few* exceptions, observed the same uniform regularity in every other species of metre throughout the entire four books of his Odes.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

GLENARA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

O! HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
'Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word!'—said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen:
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn:

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

COMPLAINT TO CUPID.

ADDRESSED TO THE GENTLEMEN.

CAPRICIOUS power! to whom all nature bends,
Who gives the sharpest pain, the highest joy,
Why, to compel mankind thy sway to own,
Dost thou no arms but beauty e'er employ?

In vain shall Virtue grace the female mind,
Exalt the soul, and humanise the heart;
In vain the Muse her garland shall bestow,
And to her vot'ry all her stores impart;

In vain our handmaid Neatness shall attend,
And lively Wit the social charm supply;
Vain all that Nature, all that Art can give,
Without the roseate bloom, the sparkling eye.

How hapless they who form'd to own thy power,
To feel, alas! what they can ne'er inspire;
Shall meet, at most, with frozen cold esteem,
In change for generous love and chaste desire.

Indifference, sober nymph, by Greville sung,
To thee I raise my far less tuneful voice;
For wise are they who flying wayward love,
To dwell with thee have made their safer choice.

J. G****N.

E--n--m.

TO CORNELIA.

THO' in the fair Cornelia's face
The sweetest bloom appears,
Tho' she 's adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That smiling Venus wears;

Yet let not fair Cornelia trust
Alone to beauty's charms;
Since they soon moulder into dust,
And shrink at Time's alarms.

What if her brilliant lovely eyes
With starlike lustre shine?
If in her form, angelic, lies
A model all divine!
Still fair Cornelia must not prize
Too much an earthly form;
For soon will clouds those eyelids close,
And wither all her bloom!

O may she rather always strive
To cultivate the mind,
And make each beauty there to thrive,
By Wisdom's lamp refin'd:
Then will Cornelia never feel
The thorn of keen remorse;
When beauty flies, and years prevail,
Content will poise the loss.

E. H. B.

LINES

(*Impromptu.*)

ON HEARING THE TOWER-GUNS FIRED *.

WHY doth the echoing ordnance dash thy wave,
O, silvery Thames! say, doth it knoll the brave
To honor's tomb? has victory, rich in charms,
Thrown her bright form in fair Britannia's arms?
Say, has the boast of Zealand, to our powers
Bow'd her submitted head; is Flushing ours?
Has the vast city's iron-vested wall
Giv'n ingress to our troops, and doth it fall
Before their gliding swords? Or, hath in Spain
Our army triumph'd; doth it's chief obtain

* These Lines were received last month, but too late for insertion.

Laurels as erst from Gaul? I long to
know,
And on my cheek the fondly-anxious
glow
Of strong impatience burns: some friendly
gale
That lately pass'd our ports, you know
the tale,
Bear it to me; but let the wafted sound
Be such as shall to England's good re-
dound.

MARY, of Coleshill.

August, 1809.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

1.

HOW sad the task to mourn a sister
gone,
And yet, dear Fanny, must that task be
ours;
We'll weep together o'er her lowly
tomb,
And strew her grave with wreaths of
early flowers.

2.

There shall the violet rear it's simple
head,
The meek-eyed primrose, and the cow-
slip too;
There shall the rose it's vernal odors
shed,
The spotless lily, and the harebell blue.

3.

No rude unhallow'd weed shall choke the
soil
Where the cold form of one we lov'd
is laid;
But there shall death, now satiate with
his spoil,
Stay his fell hand, to view the wreck
he made.

4.

Nor youth, nor beauty then had power
to save
The lovely victim from his tyrant
sway;
But soon she'll rise triumphant from the
grave,
And soar to regions of eternal day!

5.

And, when at ev'ning's silent hour we
bend
Our pensive steps towards Diana's
tomb,
The blessed spirit of our sainted friend
Shall bid us cease to weep her early
doom.

F. J.

Alphington, May 16, 1809.

TO MARIA,

ON HER RETURN FROM A COUNTRY VISIT.

OH! charming maid, I hail thee with
delight,
My fervid soul with sparkling rapture
burns;
Thy lovely presence feasts my ravish'd
sight,
And endless transports crown thy
bless'd returns.

No more the op'ning sunshine of the
morn
Preludes to me another pensive day;
The cloud of Solitude 's at length with-
drawn,
And Love's soft mandates all my sighs
repay.

What cheering beauties Nature spreads
around,
Where gentle Zephyr fans the shady
grove;
Where strains of native harmony re-
sound,
And bright Aurora smiles with hea-
venly love.

From those endearments now thy bosom
wean,
Nor feel a wish the verdant fields to
roam;
More lasting joys attend the varied
scene,
And gild with happiness a peaceful
home.

J. R. C.

London, Aug. 7, 1809.

LINES

Written extempore, on reading that Bonaparte had commanded, that the Austrian prisoners of war should be incorporated with the Bavarian army.

AVENGE them, pitying God! in mercy stretch
Thy saving arm, nor let this impious wretch,
With pride gigantic, thus thy pow'r defy,
And doom thy creatures to despair and death;
Ah! worse than death, for sure 'twere bliss to die,
And 'scape this fearful sentence, which, like breath
Of midnight murth'rer, stealing on his prey,
Appals the startled ear; then shield, oh! shield
These poor devoted victims! let thy day
Of vengeance come; and, ere the ensanguin'd field,
Wet with the blood of thousands, can again
Receive the dire effusion: oh! incline
Thine ear, thrice gracious! end this tyrant's reign,
Whose cursed ambition, spurning laws divine,
From land to land pursues it's fatal course,
To mercy's pleadings deaf, and stranger to remorse.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

SOLUTIONS OF THE REBUS IN OUR LAST MONTH'S MAGAZINE.

WHEN jealous pangs usurp the tortur'd breast,
In vain the lover seeks for peace or rest;
Women 'tis known, when wed, obedience vow,
And av'rice, sordid av'rice, all allow
Deforms the fairest mind; to these unite
The nightingale, whose midnight strains invite
Th' enamour'd swain to seek the shady grove,
Where, 'erst at eve, he stray'd, and sigh'd his love
In Susan's willing ear; then next, 'tis plain
You mean Narcissus, that deluded swain,
Who, for a shade in youthful beauty's pride,
(So antient poets tell us) pin'd and dy'd.
The initials join'd — Joanna! all exclaim,
Yes, yes, Joanna is the writer's name.

'TIS jealousy that gnaws the lover's heart,
Obedience is the wedded woman's part;
Av'rice the vice that fills the miser's breast,
The nightingale oft soothes the soul to rest;
Narcissus, ill-starr'd youth, next lends his aid,
And tells Joanna is the rhyming maid.

ED. ROSE.

Sept. 6, 1809.

SOLUTION OF THE SAME, MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO MISS JOANNA SQUIRE.

OF worth and genius now I fain would sing,
But for the want of some impassion'd string,
Some chord, well strung, to aid my feeble lyre,
Some chord possessing true poetic fire;
For what are mine, so feeble in their pow'rs,
To add to fame, or fill the vacant hours.

Of female virtues could I sing the sum,
And all the just rewards thereof to come—
Oh! could I tell a gen'rous feeling heart
What pleasure all her verses doth impart,
Reveal the joy, the inward joy I feel,
Whilst o'er me lines of purest texture steal,

And charm my senses with a new delight,
As oft as they attract my wand'ring sight.
Could I express, beyond my humble hopes,
My raptur'd feelings in their fullest scope,
Then but the night's deep awe should stop my tongue,
And morning should again renew the song,
Invigorate my soul, with tenfold pow'r,
To sing *her* praise within my humble bow'r,
Who has so oft, so well amus'd my mind,
And taught my soul to leave this earth behind;
To soar to Heav'n, beyond the changing sky,
And taste, of bliss immortal, joys that never die!

But while I thus fall short of well-wrought praise,
And own my weakness in my feeble lays,
I hope your goodness will, most worthy friend,
Excuse the faults I know not how to mend;
And be assur'd sincerity is here,
For Truth's a friend I always hold most dear,
And hope to do so, as I hope to thrive,
As long as breath shall keep my form alive.
I'll say no more,—no more at present ask,
But now with pleasure I'll pursue my task.

First Jealousy appears to be the word,
From what I think, and have in secret heard,
Which oft torments the anxious lover's breast,
And robs as oft the doubting maid of rest!
But when the bands of Hymen join the pair,
And both look forward, future bliss to share,
The woman promises t' obey her lord,
Intending faithfully to keep her word,
And happy would they be in wedlock join'd,
Did Anger ne'er deform each willing mind;
But soon, too soon, alas! the vow's forgot,
And strife now dwells where peace once bless'd the cot.
Then mourns the injur'd victim of despair,
And days and nights are spent, opress'd with care;
Whilst no relief the suff'ring mourner gains,
Save in the Nightingale's melodious strains,
Who does so oft each list'ning ear delight,
Whilst sweetly warbling 'midst the gloom of night.
Thrice happy they, depriv'd not of the joys
Which marriage gives, and Time alone destroys.
Some seek for bliss, where beauty only dwells,
But, sure, experience plainly daily tells
How vain, how transitory if the bliss
Where sense and prudence are not join'd to this.

Now mark the words which I have here display'd
To form the name which now shall be betray'd.
With two ninths of Narcissus, who, they say,
Of his own shade enamour'd pin'd away,
If these initials are connected right,
You 'll see Joanna did the rebus write.

C. T.

Sept. 2, 1809.

MY HOME.

MY home is quiet, tho' but mean,
Content and peace I always cherish,
My days glide through the year serene,
And even in my midnight dream
I taste of joys that never perish.

C. T.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Seville, Aug. 1.

General Venegas writes from his head-quarters at Ocantra, under the date of the 5th inst. that on that day the 1st, 2d, and 3d divisions of his army had covered themselves with glory on the banks of the Tagus, at Aranjuez, where being three times attacked by the enemy with the greatest obstinacy, they repulsed them as often, the calmness and courage of our troops being above all praise. The force of the enemy consisted of from 14 to 15,000 men, and the action lasted from five to eight in the evening. By another dispatch, from Gen. Cuesta, we hear that the Anglo-Spanish army is at Ponte de Arcebispo, on the left banks of the Tagus, watching the movements of Marshal Soult.

Trieste, August 3. Early this morning an English fleet of 10 ships of war appeared off this port. Among them is a three-decker, of 120 guns, on board of which is Admiral Collingwood. It is not yet known what the English intend with respect to Trieste. Our batteries are, however, in a respectable state of defence.

The day before yesterday, an English frigate and a cutter came in sight of our harbour, and captured 32 ships and a bark, destined here. They were under the convoy of six small gun-boats who maintained an obstinate action of an hour's duration. There were several killed and wounded on both sides.

Petersburgh, Aug. 5. Yesterday evening M. Alopeus, who was Russian Minister in Sweden at the commencement of the war, has gone to Friedricksham, in order to negotiate peace with Sweden.

Vienna, Aug. 6. Among other points, which are to serve as the basis of treaties which are now negotiating, one is, that the Emperor Francis shall cede the Kingdom of Bohemia to his eldest brother the Duke of Wurtzburgh.

The intelligence that the Archduke Charles has resigned the command of the army, has made a great impression on the public: he possessed the love and confidence of the soldiers in a very high degree.

It is understood that the armistice has been prolonged for 28 days.

Aug. 9. It is generally believed here that the conferences for peace will begin to-day or to-morrow at Altenbourg.

M. M. Champagne and Marshal Duroc are named Plenipotentiaries for France, and Count Meternich and Count St. Vincent for Austria.

The movements of troops, and the preparations for the continuance of war, had ceased since the Armistice: but since the 1st we remark more activity than ever in the warlike preparations. A part of the glacis has been palisaded, and redoubts built near the Burgthor gate.

Our Gazette of this day contains the following article:—"His Royal Highness the Archduke Charles has resigned the command of the Austrian army, which has been accepted by the General of Cavalry, Prince John of Lichtenstein."—This is followed by the Articles of the

Armistice, concluded on the 12th of July, in the camp before Znaym.

The following is the order of the day, by which the Archduke Charles notified to the army his resignation of the Command in Chief.

"*Zittau, July* 31. Very important reasons have induced me to request his Majesty to accept my resignation of the command of the army entrusted to me. I yesterday received his consent, and at the same time his orders to transfer the chief command on the General of Cavalry Prince Lichtenstein.

"While I leave the army, I take the most lively interest in it's fate. The perfect conviction I have of it's bravery, the confidence I place in it, and the constant habit of dedicating my exertions to it's service, renders this separation indescribably painful. I flatter myself that it participates in, and returns this sentiment. "CHARLES."

Badajoz, Aug. 11. The route at Talavera would have been complete, had our armies been able to follow immediately to Madrid. But the troops were extremely fatigued, and wanted provisions, which we were not able to supply them with the promptness which circumstances required.

While our troops were burning the dead on the field of battle, information was unexpectedly received that Soult had entered that province with an army, and was marching upon Ponte de Arcebispo and Almarez, as well to intercept the provisions and cut off the retreat of our army, as to place it between two fires.

Generals Wellesley and Cuesta, penetrating the designs of Soult, prepared to frustrate them, taking, by retrogade movements, new positions; the former at the Bridge of Almarez, and the latter at Ponte de Arcebispo, on the left of the Tagus. They did not fail to take the precaution of destroying the bridge of boats which had been constructed at Almarez. Victor immediately turned suddenly upon Talavera de la Reyna, (unfortunate town!)

Last night a dispatch arrived from Merida to the Junta, which asserts, that a courier who passed through that town brought an account that Soult had been repulsed. We impatiently expect the arrival of the courier, whether this account be confirmed.

So long as our armies maintain themselves in their present positions, we have no fear that they should be in want of provisions, as innumerable carriages with supplies of every kind are continually passing along the high road of Seville and Badajoz.

Some wounded English have passed through this place, on their way to Lisbon.

Soult has been the cause that our army is not now at Somosierra, and of the evils that Madrid and Talavera are suffering.

Our head-quarters are at Mesas.

At Ponte de Arcibispo the French lost 4000 men, and they say that Soult lost six pieces of artillery at Placentia, and that he offered to capitulate.

The English are in Almaraz, and their head-quarters are at Delcitosa.

Lisbon, Aug. 14. It appears by the latest accounts from Badajos, that the corps of Soult, Ney, and Mortier, having advanced to Placentia in the rear of the combined army, the latter passed to the left bank of the Tagus, leaving a strong corps on the right in front of Ponte de Arcebispo, to command the passage of the river when it should think proper. The British army has it's head-quarters at Delcitosa. The Portuguese, under the command of the Marshal Beresford, were at Fuente de Ginaldo, beyond Cuidad Rodrigo, on the 7th inst. We know nothing of the Spanish armies, but certainly the whole of the French having united, and left Arragon and both the Castiles almost without a garrison, it is the most favorable moment for invading those provinces destroying the weak garrisons which may be found there, and retaking many important points, essential to the subsistence and communication of the enemy, whose privations and want of necessaries are excessive.

Warsaw, Aug. 14. The French eagles are not yet set up in Lemberg, as the Russians in all the towns of which they take possession, though they may have been previously occupied by the Poles, maintain the Austrian eagles. Around the town of Lemberg however, the Polish General Kamienski has established the French eagles.

Vienna, Aug. 18. The Emperor Napoleon intends making a short journey into that part of Hungary occupied by his troops, in order to review the positions of the corps stationed there. Probably this journey has given rise to the report, which however requires confirmation, that his Majesty will have a conference with the Emperor of Austria, in

the vicinity of Raab. The French Emperor, we are likewise assured, reviewed the positions of his army in Moravia and Syria.

According to the latest accounts from Trieste, the English fleet has left that coast without attempting any thing.

The Emperor Francis has, to-day, purchased a variety of valuable jewels, trinkets, &c. to the amount of a million of florins, which are no doubt intended for presents, which, after the signing of peace, will be distributed among the retinue of the Emperor Napoleon.

August 23. With eager anxiety we expect, from day to day, the arrival of intelligence that peace is concluded. Our course of exchange, which for some weeks has suffered no material alteration, is to-day considerably better.

Paris, Aug. 18. Dispatches from Spain of the 7th inst. state, that General Wellesley has been obliged to retreat suddenly, leaving behind him at Talavera 4000 wounded. The cavalry of the 1st corps marched into Talavera on the 6th, and left it on the 7th for Oropesa. Nothing can be more precipitate than the retreat of the English. They leave thousands of sick, wounded and women to the mercy of the French: much baggage is also left behind them.

The reports which the Minister of War, Count Huenburg, had received of the retreat of the English in Spain, have been fully confirmed. Letters of the 7th state, that General Wellesley had been compelled to make a precipitate retreat, leaving 4000 wounded at Talavera. On this occasion the English General sent a letter to the Duke of Belluno, recommending their wounded to his care.

On the 6th August, at night, the cavalry of the first corps had arrived at Talavera, from whence it proceeded to Oropesa. The Duke of Belluno follows this cavalry with his infantry: and we every moment expect to hear of his having effected a junction with the army of the Duke of Dalmatia, which must hasten and annoy the enemy's retreat.

Private letters from Santa Ollala of the 9th mention, that the Duke of Belluno had arrived with his van-guard at Talavera, and that nothing could be more precipitate than the retreat of the English. They leave behind them all their caissons and baggage, and many thousands of their wounded, to the French, who for want of waggons they cannot carry away.

On the 7th intelligence arrived, that the artillery of the enemy which had bombarded Toledo, had ceased firing, and that the English and insurgents had crossed the Tagus.

August 20. From Oropesa we learn, by letters of the 7th, that the union of the corps of the Duke of Belluno with that of the Duke of Dalmatia, has already had many important consequences. The enemy, who was ill informed concerning our movements, or who, since his loss in the battle of Talavera, feared to make his retreat in the presence of the royal troops, endeavoured to make his escape over the bridge of Arzobispo, as his retreat by way of Almarez was already cut off. From these and other occurrences, we have taken from the enemy more than 1000 prisoners of war. The troops which covered the bridge were surrounded. Whenever the passage is once forced, which must have taken place today, the enemy cannot but lose his best troops, as well as the greater part of his artillery, and equipage; the more so, as the road is very difficult, and it is the only one by which he can escape.

Upper Bavaria, Aug. 23. The march which the Duke of Dantzic (Marshal Lefebvre) undertook over the Brennersberg, with the combined army of French, Bavarians, and Saxons, was extremely difficult. With dauntless courage the troops advanced on the 6th and 7th of August, to within two leagues of Brixen. They climbed mountains which the Tyrolese themselves considered as impassable. But a narrow valley, the steep heights above, which were occupied by the insurgents, rendered any farther progress impossible. The army, being in great want of provisions, was obliged to return to Inspruck, where it arrived on the 11th of August. On the 13th, at sunrise, all the neighbouring mountains appeared covered with insurgents. A battle began, which lasted from six in the morning till night. Not the courage of the Tyrolese, but the nature of the place, prevented the brave army of the Duke of Dantzic from giving them a complete defeat. As the army marched back through the Lower Innthal, they found the town and villages empty, the inhabitants having fled with their cattle to the mountains; but how will it fare with them next winter, when the mountains are covered with snow? They will then be obliged to return to the valley.

HOME NEWS.

London, Aug. 23.

CAPTAIN COLUMBINE arrived at the Admiralty yesterday afternoon with dispatches, announcing the capture of the settlement of Senegal. Major Maxwell, Commandant of the Island of Goree, having received intelligence that the garrison of Senegal was extremely weak, attacked it with 168 men, accompanied by Captain Columbine, in the Solebay frigate. They passed the bar with the loss of a schooner; and the enemy, retiring to a battery about twelve miles up the river, Major Maxwell made preparations to storm it, but it was evacuated in the night, and next day the fort and garrison capitulated. The garrison are prisoners of war. They are to be sent to France, but are not to serve till exchanged. They consist of 160 Europeans, besides which there were 240 Native Militia in the island. We lost not a single man in the attack, and had only one slightly wounded. The Solebay frigate, however, unfortunately ran aground in silencing a battery near the bar, and could not be got off. The crew and stores were saved.

The settlement of Senegal is the great mart of the gum trade, from which eight hundred tons are exported annually.

Sept 2. Dispatches were received yesterday from the Earl of Chatham, stating, "that from the information he had received of the numbers which the enemy had been able to collect for the defence of Antwerp, and the extensive inundations they had effected, his lordship, in concurrence with the opinion of the lieutenant-generals, had decided not to advance from South Beveland against that city; so that the meditated attack upon it's arsenal, and the French fleet, has been given up.—As soon as this determination had been made the cavalry and artillery were ordered to be embarked, and part are already arrived in the Downs.

South Beveland, North Beveland, and Schowen, we suppose by this time have been evacuated, or will be immediately evacuated; and we shall confine ourselves to keeping possession of the Island of Walcheren.—A force of 12,000 men, with a strong naval force, will be sufficient to keep it against any attempt that may be made by the enemy.

Sept. 7. A meeting took place on Tuesday at Haverfordwest Common, betwixt Captain C—— and Adjutant R——, in consequence of some dispute on board a vessel from Walcheren, where both officers served. The contention was respecting the comparative services of the Royal Marine Artillery and another corps, during an action at Walcheren. After exchanging two fires, Captain C—— was slightly wounded in the arm in the third fire, when both parties shook hands, and the affair was settled.

Yesterday as Miss Mellon, and her friend, Miss Stevenson, were driving in her chariot along Little Russell-Street, Covent-Garden, a coal waggon, heavily laden, came in contact with it, and forced it against the paling which incloses the ruins of Drury-Lane Theatre. The situation of the ladies became very alarming, as the horses took fright, and the doors of the carriage could not be opened, nor any access be had to them at the

moment. — At length one of the spectators more ingenious than the rest, devised a mode. By his advice a great number of chairs were brought out of the neighbouring houses, and arranged so as to make a complete causeway or bridge, from the flagway across the coal waggon, to the window of the chariot; and the two ladies were thus brought off in safety, with little more personal inconvenience, than an extraordinary display of their fine shapes.

Sept. 8. On monday evening an extraordinary accident occurred to a Miss Colson in the borough. As she was riding in a coach with a young man of the name of Eliston, she was shot by him, and not being in a state to be removed from Mr. Eliston's house, a magistrate attended there to take her examination, relative to the fact. — Her statement was nearly as follows: — She had been acquainted with Mr. Eliston about three months; her friends, however, for some reason which does not appear, did not approve the connexion. They passed the afternoon of Sunday together at a friend's house, when she took an opportunity to suggest to him the propriety of putting an end to their acquaintance, assigning as a reason, that her friends did not approve her receiving the addresses of any man: he appeared extremely hurt, and remonstrated with her with some degree of warmth. Before they parted, however, he seemed reconciled, and she consented to go on the following morning (Monday) with him, and a female friend with whom she was going home that night, to the Tower. He accordingly called for them on Monday morning, at the house of her friend in Crooked-Lane, and they went to the Tower, and afterwards to the Royalty Theatre in the evening. They passed a very pleasant evening, and on their return took a coach in the Minories, and set down her friend in Crooked-Lane, as before stated; when they got into the Borough, however, instead of directing the coachman towards Newington-Gate, near which her friends reside, he ordered him to drive down Dirty-Lane, and on her observing that was not her way home, he said he wanted to call at his father's. After some pause, he asked her 'if she still continued in the same resolution she had expressed the evening before, of breaking off their acquaintance?' she answered him in the affirmative, and observed, that 'as it was the wish of her friends that the intercourse between them should cease, the sooner it was put an end to the better it would be for both parties.' — He soon after requested she would look out of the coach and see whereabouts they were; she did so, and whilst she was looking out she heard a rustling behind her in the coach, and turning herself round quickly, she saw a pistol in his hand; she attempted to seise hold of it, and it went off. She did not immediately perceive that she was wounded, and almost instantly after saw the flash of another pistol, which she thought he had pointed at his own head. She soon after perceived she was wounded, and told Mr. Eliston, who exclaimed, 'then we are both dead people!' and called to the coachman to drive to No. 42, his father's house; he frequently begged her forgiveness, saying, he had no intention to hurt her, and she repeatedly assured him she forgave him. — She thought his intention was not to injure her, but to destroy himself. Here this strange affair rests, till Mr. Eliston is in a state to allow of his being interrogated.

Sept. 2. An alarming and destructive fire broke out on Tuesday night, in the dwelling-house of the Rev. Mr. Rolland, at Baker's-lodge, between Uxbridge and Rickmansworth, which was occasioned by a maid-servant setting fire to her clothes, and which proved fatal to her. Mr. Rolland and his family were spending at a friend's house, and the servant was waiting up for them. Her shrieks alarmed two men servants who slept up stairs, but the room had then caught fire, and it was with difficulty that the men escaped. The poor woman escaped from the house, but died in half an hour, and in less than an hour the dwelling-house was in ruins.

Dublin, Sept. 9. On Wednesday last, a widow lady, while bathing at the Black-rock baths, was deprived of a very elegant gold watch, which she had left in her pocket. While dressing herself she discovered her loss, and communicated it to all the ladies present, and there happened to be not less than fifteen at the time. — It was proposed that the door should be locked, and a magistrate sent for. Mr. Beckford was accordingly applied to, and he immediately attended, and undertook the unpleasant task of searching the ladies in turn, although no suspicion attached to some of them from their rank in life. After the most strict

examination, the watch could not be discovered. The mob collected in the interim, and we regret to hear did not conduct themselves with that decorum which ought to have been observed.

Plymouth, Sept. 11. Last Saturday his Serene Highness the Prince of Orange reviewed on the ground before Government House, the whole Park of Royal Artillery of this garrison. This distinguished corps performed their various firings in the most rapid and correct style, advancing and retreating in a most astonishing manner. After the review, his Serene Highness was pleased to express his unqualified approbation of the manœuvres and firings of the Brigade of Royal Artillery of this garrison. His Royal Highness and a select party of officers, after inspecting the citadel, the cassmates, and bomb-proofs, partook of an elegant dinner given by our worthy Commander in Chief, General Gregland, at his house in the citadel.—This morning, the 37th Regiment of Foot, only 137 out of 750, landed at Mill Bay, from St. Lucie: they marched into Claverine-Street Barracks.

London, Sept. 12. Yesterday between one and two o'clock, a gentleman entered the coffee-room of the Angel inn, behind St. Clement's church, in the Strand. He appeared agitated; and, after walking about the room for some minutes, he went to the privy. He had not been long there, when the ostlers in the yard heard the report of two pistols; and, perceiving smoke issuing from the privy, they went to it, and discovered the gentleman weltering in his blood. One of the pistols had fallen between his legs, and the other was at his side.—Upon examination, it appeared that he had discharged them both. The contents of one of them had fractured his skull near the left temple, in a shocking manner. The other appeared to have been discharged against his right cheek. The unhappy man was however still alive. He was immediately carried into the Angel inn, and put to bed, and every possible attention was shown to him. Doctors Stanton and Thomas were called in, and they examined the state of his wounds, which they pronounced mortal. He had not, however, expired at twelve o'clock last night. A card was found in his pocket, by which he was identified to be Mr. Abbott, an army agent, residing in Clement's Inn.

The Earl of Chatham arrived in town on Saturday. His Lordship, accompanied by the Earl of Tyrconnel, Lords Charles and Robert Manners, General Brownrigg, Sir H. Douglas, the Hon. Colonel Upton, Colonel Birch, Colonel Bradford, Colonel Darby, Colonel Cary, Captain Linsingham, Captain Hadden, Captain Fayle, and the Rev. Mr. Bradford, embarked at Flushing, on Thursday, on board the Venerable, of 74 guns, Capt. King. About one o'clock on the same day, Sir R. Strachan and Sir H. Popham went on board that vessel, and took leave of the Commander in Chief and his Staff. At half-past one they returned on shore, and the Venerable set sail for Deal, where she cast anchor at half-past eleven o'clock on Friday morning. At one o'clock the passengers landed at Deal; but there being a scarcity of post-horses, several of the Officers were detained there. The Earl of Chatham, after taking some refreshment, proceeded, on his way to town, to Sittingbourne, where he slept, on Friday night, and arrived at the Horse Guards at six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, in apparently good health. Lord C. Manners arrived at the house of his mother, the Duchess Dowager of Rutland, in Sackville-Street, at ten o'clock on Saturday night. His brother, Lord R. Manners, did not reach town until six o'clock last evening.

Sept. 13. Yesterday, as Mr. Greville, who is well known in the fashionable circles as proprietor of Argyle-Street Rooms, was driving along Grosvenor-Place, he met with a serious accident near Buckingham-Gate. He went out about three o'clock in a new curricle and a servant, who drove him. As he approached Buckingham-Gate, the horse ran away, and one of the wheels of the curricle coming in collision with a rising ground, the vehicle was upset, and Mr. Greville and his servant were both thrown out. Mr. Greville was actually pitched into the air, as if shot from a gun, and thrown upon his head, in which part he received great injury, the crown being much cut, and a very severe contusion on the back of the head. Some gentlemen, who witnessed the accident, immediately ran up to his assistance, and conveyed him to the 3d Guards hospital, in the neighbourhood, from whence he was shortly after carried to Surgeon North's, in Lower Grosvenor-Place, where he remained last night. Mr. Greville had been previously ill with a rheumatic gout in his feet and hands. He was not, at a late hour last night, in a state to be re-

moved to his house in Argyle-Street. The servant escaped with a very slight hurt.

Sept. 14. Yesterday being the day appointed for the adjourned examination of Mrs. Plunkett, *ci-devant* Miss Gunning, upon the charges brought against her for forgery, by Mr. John King, the lady arrived at the office in her carriage at two o'clock, attended by her friends and counsel, and was brought before the magistrate in a private chamber.

The prosecutor, Mr. King, was present, attended by his counsel, Mr. Alley and Mr. Adolphus; and the former of these gentlemen addressed the magistrate to the following effect: — He expressed his sincere pleasure in being authorised by his client, to announce to the magistrate, that Mr. Plunkett had at length done that which ought to have been done in the first instance. Her friends had come forward and adopted measures highly satisfactory to Mr. King's feelings; and, in consequence thereof, he was instructed to declare, that he wished to forego any further proceedings against the lady. For his own part, he had to express his regret, that the good sense of the lady and her friends had not adopted these steps in the first instance; in which case, the affair would have been dropt *in limine*, and the lady's good name have escaped the public animadversion to which it had been subjected, as well as the publicity of those proceedings which Mr. King had been reluctantly forced to adopt.

Mr. Justice Neeve observed, that, as the affair now stood, it only remained for him to comply with the wishes expressed on the part of Mr. King, from whose conduct, however, he was led to think there had been something like tampering in the business. As matters now stood, he felt it not incompatible with his duty as a magistrate, to dismiss the complaint; and he was extremely glad the affair had been amicably adjusted.

The magistrate then declared the lady's recognizance to be cancelled, when she rose, made her salute, and retired.

Sept. 19. Yesterday morning, at half past three o'clock, a fire broke out in Bear-Yard, situated at the south-west corner of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which excited great alarm in the neighbourhood, and was productive of considerable mischief. It is supposed the fire began in a stable. Ten stables were consumed, and three houses adjoining. All the houses which surrounded this yard, forming a square, were materially injured. What principally contributed to increase the evil was, a carpenter's shop, in which there was a large quantity of timber recently laid in, and also a considerable quantity of fat belonging to some butchers. It is impossible to describe the terror under which the inhabitants of Vere-Street labored from the circumstance of the melting-house belonging to Messrs. Sadler being situated without a few feet of the workshops of Mr. Simmons. It had caught fire in many places, but was fortunately saved by the unceasing exertions of the firemen and inhabitants. The premises contained many tons of tallow and melted fat, which would inevitably have destroyed the surrounding neighbourhood.

Sept. 21. A duel was fought on Putney Heath this morning, between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. Lord Yarmouth accompanied the former to the field; Mr. Ellis the latter. After taking their ground, they fired by signal, and missed; and, no explanation taking place, they fired at each other a second time, when the ball from Lord Castlereagh's pistol went through Mr. Canning's thigh, on the outer side of the bone. Thus the affair terminated. Mr. Canning's wound is not considered to be dangerous.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 18. At their seat at Sydling, Dorset, the lady of Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Bart. of a son.

19. At Exmouth, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Talbot, of a son.

Sept. 3. At Margate, the lady of John Bainbridge, jun. Esq. of Harley-Street, of a daughter.

The lady of Thomas Bainbridge, Esq. of Bedford-Row, of a son.

9. In Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the lady of Robert Robbins, Esq. of a son.

At Twickenham, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Head, of the 13th light dragoons, of a son and heir.

At Worlington, Suffolk, the lady of Frederick Grey Cooper, Esq. of a daughter.

15. At Monmouth, the lady of Colonel Molyneux, of a son.

At his house in Henrietta-Street, Cavendish-Square, the lady of Samuel Bosanquet, Esq. of a daughter.

18. At Fareham, the lady of Captain Mends, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

At Hubbourn, Hants, the lady of John Henry Tilson, of Wathlington Park, Oxon, Esq. of a daughter.

The lady of Henry Sansom, Esq. of Finsbury-Square, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 28. At Newcastle, Staffordshire, Robert Williamson, Esq. of Liverpool, to Anne, daughter of Thomas Kinnersley, Esq. banker, of the former place.

At Great Bealing's Church, in the county of Suffolk, by the Rev. Thomas Carthew, Captain Frazer of the royal horse artillery, to Miss Emena Lynn, youngest daughter of James Lynn, Esq. of Woodend-Bridge.

31. At Milford, in the county of Hants, by the Rev. Thomas Rivett, Nicolas C. Tindal, of the Inner Temple, Esq. barrister at law, and fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Merdina, youngest daughter of the late Captain Symonds, R. N.

At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Miss Quillinan, daughter of John Quillinan, Esq. of Oporto, to Ensign Benjamin Fox, of the 12th regiment of foot.

Sept. 2. At Rollesby, in Norfolk, Major Cape, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Mr. Taylor, of Gloucester-Place, Portman-Square, widow of Robert Taylor, Esq. late in the civil service of the company.

5. By the Rev. D. Dickson, jun. at the house of J. Borthwick Gilchrisht, Esq. banker in Edinburgh, Major James Mouat, of the Bengal engineers, to Wilhelmina, fourth daughter of Capt. Mouat, R. N.

7. At the Friends Meeting House, Maidenhead, Berks, Samuel Fothergill, of Leicester-Square, M. D. to Anna Maria Russell, of Taplow Hill. After the ceremony, the happy couple proceeded to Weymouth.

At St. Anne's church, Edward Tandy, Esq. to Mrs. De Boffe.

11. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, the Rev. Jonathan Barrett, of Stockwell, chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to Mary, niece of Robert Slade, Esq. of Doctors' Commons.

At Little Baddow, Essex, Mr. Charles Wills, of Newgate-Street, to Miss Anne Jones, of Little Baddow.

14. At St. James's Church, by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, John Osborn, Esq, son of Sir George Osborn, Bart., and colonel of the Bedfordshire militia, to Miss Davers. After the ceremony, the new married couple partook of a splendid collation at the Earl of Liverpool's, and then left town for the Earl of Bristol's villa, on Putney Heath.

10. At St. George's church, Hanover-Square, the Hon. Edward Harbord, second son of Lord Sheffield, to the Hon. Georgiana Vernon, only daughter of Lord Vernon.

DEATHS.

Aug. 13. At Cowbridge, the Hon. Mrs. Nichol, daughter of the late Henry Lord Viscount Ashbrooke, of the kingdom of Ireland, and wife of the Rev. John Nicholl, of Cowbridge, Glamorganshire.

24. Mrs Agar, wife of Mr. Agar, of London-Street, Fenchurch-Street, and late of Walthamstow, Essex.

After a few hours of severe illness, Mrs. Ann Cooper, wife of the Rev. Robert Cooper, of Guildford-Street, London.

Robert Chryste, Esq. of Leicester-Place, army agent, aged 77.

Sept. 2. In Upper Mary-la-Bonne-Street, Fitzroy-Square, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Henrietta Alice Penean, widow, after a lingering and very painful illness, which she bore with the most exemplary fortitude.

At Deal, of the wound which he received before Flushing, in the 37th year of his age, Lieut.-Col. Peter Hayes Petit, of his Majesty's 35th regiment of foot, second son of John Lewis Petit, M.D. deceased.

Mrs. Grace Hill, of Stratford, Essex, aged 78 years.

In the 43d year of his age, Mr. James Lewis, late of Devizes, Wiltshire.

At Towlstone Lodge, near Tadcaster, Peregrine Wentworth, Esq. aged 88.

At his house in Baker-Street, Portman-Square, Sir John Murray, Bart. of Black Barony, in Scotland.

At his house in Piccadilly, George William Coventry, Earl of Coventry, Viscount Deerhurst, lord lieutenant of the county, and recorder of the city of Worcester. His lordship was born April 26, 1722, and is succeeded in his titles by Viscount Deerhurst, his lordship's eldest son, who has been blind these fourteen years.

4. At Combirstinhead Parsonage, Devon, of a typhus fever, Caroline Sophia, eldest daughter of the Rev. Bourchier William Wrey, sincerely lamented by all who knew her.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The false Accuser detected.